McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Owner. ROSS K. KNAPP, Editor and Manager TERMS:—$2.00 Per Year

VOL. LVI SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 17, 1919 NO 29

TROUBADOURS IN A HEAP OF TROUBLE

An East Smethport correspondent sends in the following story:

An old fashioned serenade was tendered a pair of newly-weds at East Smethport, Friday night and as a consequence the troubadours find themselves involved in the clutches of the law.

About forty young people participated in the fun. Charming music was produced by our jazz band. The instruments consisting of tin tubs, horns, pans whistles and drums. After playing all the choicest selections the newlyweds did not appear. Other methods were resorted to to have them come forth. To have a little fun debris was piled on the front veranda.

This procedure angered our worthy citizen and his wife. Next day word was sent to have the Chief of Police to come to the scene of confusion.

He promptly investigated the affair and proceeded to have justice administered. Now a carpenter is repairing the badly damaged house. The participants expect to pay the bill.

Moral:—If you need any repairs on your house have a serenading party there and then sue for damages.

SMETHPORT DISTRICT ASSOCIATION

Last Sunday afternoon, a company of Sunday School workers, including Revs. Margeson and Gregson, A. Malcolm, and W. H. Farnham, were motored out to the Marvindale School by E. W. Workley. The visit was a part of the extension work planned by the Association. It was found that the school was well attended, and attaining a high standard of efficiency under the wise and energetic care of Mrs. George Richards, who is Superintendent. The regular session was given over to the visitors, who gave a number of short talks. A teacher's training class is to be organized, and confidently expected that the Marvindale school soon rank with the best of its kind in the County.

BURROWS-YOUNG

William L. Young of Kushequa, Pa., and Miss Onid Burrows of Smethport, Pa., were united in marriage Wednesday July 16, 1919 at St. Lukes Rectory by the Rev. W. E. VanDyke. Mr. Young has but recently received his honorable discharge from the sevice and the many freinds of Mr. and Mrs. Young will unite with the MINER in wishing them health, wealth and happiness.

BROKE HIS ARM

While practising pole vaulting in the yard at his home on Green street Tuesday, Paul Karlen, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Karlen fell and broke his right arm between the wrist and elbow. He is a well known high school athlete and was practising for the annual high school field day which is usually held at the county fair.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

The third Quarterly Conference was held in the basement of the Church, Wednesday P. M. Business was the usual routine order. The Pastor is acting as treasurer of the Centenary fund, and will be glad to receive payments on the same at any time. The sermon subject for next Sunday morning will be "The Outlook for Prohibition". No evening service.

CONDITION IS SERIOUS

Clerk of Courts, Frank R. Foster is a very sick man and does not improve as rapidly as his friends could wish. His daughter, Mrs. Harry Zaner of Erie, Pa., and the nurse, Mrs. Alfred Provin are caring for him.

BAND DANCE

The Smethport Allied Band invites all its friends—yes, and enemies too, to attend the dance at the Lyceum to-morrow night. Band and orchestra music, and a good time assured all who attend.

BRADFORD'S TORNADO

Bradford and vicinity was visited by a tornado Thursday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock that carried death and destruction with it. Two were killed. Mrs. Mary Radle aged 51 years, of 19 Hill street and Anthony L. Hart aged two and one half years of Clarion street.

The injured are Mrs. Steven Hart, Ludwig Hart, Mrs. L. S. Dunlap, Frank Miller and Florence Miller of Bradford; Fred Landen, Mrs. Bert Stuchel, Baby Stuchel and Buster McDonnell of Sawyer City.

The main storm of the three which seemed to concentrate at their forces in this city seems to have come down West Branch, jumped the Quintuple, decended upon the second ward passed along the Fifth ward, crossed the hill to strike Sawyer City and Dallas City and again vault over a mountain to Rixford.

It spent its first fury in the vicinity of the wrecked South Penn Oil company's warehouse. This structure built of heavy balloon framed timbers covered with sheet iron of heavy gauge with shingle roof, was picked up bodily, twisted around and dropped to earth again, a shattered mass of building material, shapeless an roofless looking much as if it had been bombed with overseas war machinery.

Passing on a few rods, the tornado caught a number of dwellings on Clarion street. One of these houses a substantial structure, was picked up and carried across the Pennsylvania railroad switch and deposited on a vacant lot. In that section other houses were either laid flat or damaged so as to make them uninhabitable.

Sweeping along the tornado crossed the Tuna and played havoc with dwellings on Rochester and High streets.

It was the flying shingle and other refuse that led to the belief that a fire had started. There was no fire although the big fire bell was struck several times at intervals during the storm.

As soon as the storm had passed wild rumors of great loss of life and many injured spread over the city and soon a crowd congregated at the scene of devastation and for the balance of the day and evening huge crowds of people gathered to look over the ruins.

Mayor North swore in extra policemen to patrol that section, and representatives of the Bradford chapter of the American Red Cross were quickly on the scene to provide whatever relief was required. As a result, the homeless were cared for at hotels and private homes about the city.

On the Sawyer Road, Edward O'Mara's new barn, which was in the course of construction was torn down and rendered useless, while the fruit trees were entirely destroyed. Evan Leonard's silo and milk house were demolished.

At Frank Redmond's on the Webb lease, a large tree was blown over on the house while other buildings were badly damaged on the Webb lease.

Nearly all of Bert Stuchel's home on the Webb lease at Sawyer City was torn down, the balance being moved from its foundation.

The house occupied by W. H. Kennison, located on the Webb lease, was nearly all torn down and what remained was turned about on its foundation. A. E. Farnsworth's home was turned a quarter around and one porch was ripped away. The house and barn of C. L. Reddish were entirely demolished, while the home of Frank Storms was wrecked, also the barn.

The home of Gilbert Edson was flattened to the ground and its inmates made homeless.

On the Dallas road, John Hayter lost two barns each 30x40 feet, both being demolished. H. J. Raver's garage and barn, were leveled to the ground and the windows of his home were all smashed. The top of the auto was torn from the machine. The brick house owned by Fred Landon was unroofed and the barn swept away and deposited in piles of rubbish. Mr. Landen's barn was swept away a horse suffered a broken leg and had to be killed.

An apple orchard containging 50 fine thrifty trees was ruined, the trees being torn from the ground by the roots. This spendid orchard was owned by W. J. Boyd. He also lost a power house and two houses that were blown to pieces.

At the top of the hill on the plank Road, which lies between Summit and Rew, great trees were uprooted and strewn across the road as easily as if they had been twigs. The telephone lines were torn to pieces, practically cutting off communication between Bradford and Rixford. Out houses on the property of John Walters at Garrolck Hollow were torn to pieces. Near the home of L. C. Brink on the plank road, trees thrown across the road made traffic impossible for a time. One house and one barn in Rixford were damaged. The house belonging to T. F. Caswell was removed from its foundation. Bert Dennis' barn was blown to pieces.

West Branch, including St. Bernard's cemetery was hard hit. The barn and power house of A. W. Eygabroat, located near the cemetery were blown down, also a large number of apple trees in his orchard. Other property along the macadam suffered losses.

There was great havoc in St. Bernard's cemetery. The large shaft owned by the Barry family of Coleville which weighs about 12 tons and measures 32 feet in height, was lifted from its base and then rolled down an incline of about nine feet. A 1,000 pound shaft owned by the Kinney family was thrown to the ground and from it the figure of an angel was broken, but not damaged. The monument erected to the memory of the Very Rev. William Coonan for many years rector of the St. Bernard's church was lifted from its base and thrown to the ground. One stone, weighing about 750 pounds was carried on the breast of the wind for a distance of 15 feet, another a shaft about nine feet long was removed 12 feet from its base.

AN ABLE SPECIALIST

Dr. Stephen V. Mountain of this city has taken as an associate an eye and ear specialist in the person of Dr. Earl D. Kilmer of New York City with offices in the Mountain Clinic Hospital building.

Dr. Kilmer will have entire charge of the department and treatment of the eye and ear in the Mountain Clinic Hospital. He has spent the past two years in New Yorn city clinics in his special work and is excellently equipped and well recommended by his professors and former co-workers.

Dr. Kilmer will also act as associate professor in the premedical course at St. Bonaventure's College.—Olean Herald.

The editor of the MINER having enjoyed the friendship of Dr. Kilmer for the past five years can speak with thorough knowledge of his remarkable ability as a physician in general practise and as a specialist one whose career has been uniformly successful. He is a man of most pleasing personality who is entirey devoted to his profession and who gives the most careful and conscientious attention to each case that comes under his care. That Dr. Kilmer will rapidly become most favorably known to patients from this vicinity is predicted and, the people of this part of the country are fortunate in having the services of such an able specialist at their disposal.

BACK FROM OVERSEAS

Corporal Howard E. Denning, son of George A. Denning has returned from seven months service overseas. He landed in America June 12, having made the return voyage on the Leviathan. He was honorably discharged July 8 and reached home here the evening of July 10. His brother, Sergeant Paul J. Denning who recently returned from overseas saw Howard once for a few minutes in France, the meeting being a complete surprise to them both as they were in different branches of the service and each thought the other was hundreds of miles away.

PURCHASED BONDS

Last Thursday Hon. James A. McKean acting for the Hamlin Bank and Trust Company, purchased the bonds offered for sale by Keating Township. The total amount of the bonds was $14,000, bearing interest at 5 per cent payable semi-annually. The bonds were purchased at par. Keating Township independently and with state aid is improving all the roads within its boundaries and within a very few years will have highways that will rank with the best in the state.

FARM BUREAU TO GET $1500 PER YEAR

Monday, C. W. Lillibridge and Henry J. Rice, acting as a committee, petitioned the county commissioners to raise the annual appropriation of the McKean County Farm Bureau from $1,000 to $1,500. The commissioners granted the increase. The valuable services of the Farm Bureau are generally recognized by the agricultural interests of the county and it is realized that the bureau's efficiency can be increased in proportion to the amount of funds available to carry on the work. The McKean county bureau is particularly fortunate in having an agent with the ability of P. S. Crossman to look after its affairs, and the raise in the appropriation is realy a tribute to his good services.

COMMUNITY NURSE

Some months ago, Mrs. Eugenia H. Merrell established a fund to pay the salary of a community nurse to January 1921, as a trial to ascertain the feasibility of a permanent fund and this was placed at the disposal of four trustees, O. J. Hamlin' Frank B. Fay, James Nellis and Fred D. Gallup.

Owing to the war the trustees have been unable to secure the services of a nurse with public health experience previous to this time. They have now secured the services of Mrs. Carrie D. Marks, Registered Nurse, Graduate of Bellevue Hospital, New York City, Post Graduate of Instructive Nursing Association, Boston, Mass, and with two and one-half years experience in public health service in Concord, Mass.

For the present Mrs. Marks has apartments at the Imperial Hotel and can be reached there by person or by telephone.

The duties of a community nurse are varied, from bedside care to all sorts of health instruction.

The success of this undertaking depends upon the hearty co-operation of every person in this community.

SERIES OF MISFORTUNES

An unfortunate accident happened Tuesday evening when John Creighton son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Creighton of Spruce avenue, tripped while playing and fell heavily, breaking his arm at the elbow. The lad was taken to the hospital where the fracture was reduced. The break was a serious one as it occurred at the joint. The child is resting comfortably to-day.

The little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Creighton fell a few weeks ago and her arm. Mrs. Creighton has been suffering from diptheria and it is hoped that the series of misfortunes is the last one. Ridgway Advocate.

Mrs. Creighton was formerly Miss Sarah Greer of Smethport and has many friends here who regret to hear of these troubles.

RALPH C. RICE IS HOME.

Home again in good health is Ralph C. Rice, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rice of this place. He was a member of the 88th Aero Squadron, his duties consisting mostly of observation work in a war balloon. He had been overseas eight months and was sent from France into Germany from which country he returned to America to receive his honorable discharge.

All officers and enlisted personnel in the military and naval services of the United States of America at any time during the period from April 6, 1917 until November 11, 1918, both inclusive, are requested to be present at a meeting at the Hose House in the Borough of Smethport on Friday evening, July 18, 1919, at 8 o'clock P. M. for the purpose of organizing a Post in the American Legion. adv28w1

WOOL MARKETING

W. R. Ventress of Port Allegany The Authorized Agent For McKean County Sheep and Wool Growers Association

The association decided to have the wool pooled in one place in the county for the purpose of grading and will according to its grade. Mr. Ventress was authorized to secure storage, receive wool from the growers have it graded, and then accept bids from wool companies.

Mr. H. R. Hilton of Port Allegany who is Vice-President of the Farm Bureau kindly consented to allow the association his glass storage house for the purpose of storing the wool. Wool has been taken at the storehouse on several different dates until at the present time there is about 16,000 lb. of wool in storage.

Warehouse receipts were given each grower for the amount of wool placed in storage. Since this wool was immediately covered by insurance some of the banks of the county very kindly agreed to loan money to the holder of these warehouse receipts up to the extent of about 60c per pound.

We have secured a professional grader from Wheeling W. Va. for the purpose of grading the wool and this is to take place sometime during the week of the 21st. After each mans wool is properly graded we can then accept bids from the different companies which are interested in our wool. At the present time there are 12 or 14 companies interested, Wool of course will be sold to the company offering the largest price.

According to this method each mans wool will be sold according to its own merit. From this grading each man will know what he should be able to do in order to produce a better grade of wool; for example the manner in which the fleece is done up or a course grade of wool could be improved in the next generation by using the proper ram on his flock. This method will then serve as an educational work as well as no doubt securing more for the wool.

Signed—P. S. Crossman.

SMETHPORT DEFEATED BETULA

The Smethport baseball team showed improved form Sunday when Betula was easily defeated, the score being 21 to 3. Betula was represented with some good ball players, but they could do nothing against the sertight pitching of Clark and Denning. Next Sunday the strong Austin team will be Smethport's opponents and the local boys have a hard job ahead of them as Austin has about the best aggregation in Potter County. Last Sunday's crowd was a good sized one but should be doubled in size for next Sunday's game. The Smethport Allied Band will be on hand and the fair grounds, situated amidst the most beautiful scenery in the state, will be a pleasant place to spend a couple of hours next Sunday afternoon. Game starts at 3:30. Admission 25 cents. The schedule of the local team calls for games with Coudersport, Bradford, Port Allegany and Mt. Jewett, as well as other teams to be booked later. Twilight games other than Sunday games will also be a feature later in the season. These games will start at 6.30 and the tired business man or woman will have a pleasant place to spend the final daylight hours.

HAS GOOD POSITION

Robert E. Daly, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Daly of this place, who has held a position in the engineering department of the American Radiator Co., for the past several years has been selected by that Company to have charge of its engineering department on the Pacific coast, with headquarters at Seattle. In a recent letter to his parents Robert tells of his trip across the continent. It was written enroute and describes the country through which he passed in an entertaining manner. He says they have real farms in Iowa and Minnesota and even the prize farms of sections of New York state do not compare with them. It was his intention to stop in Banff in the Canadian Rockies for a day's sightseeing and from there proceed to Vancouver thence down Puget Sound by boat to Seattle. Robert has many friends in Smethport who are pleased at his promotion and know that the advance was richly deserved.

—Miss Marie Shortell of Bradford is a guest of Ruth Jones.

PRICE WAS WORLD RECORD FOR A CALF

J. D. Mather of the O. K. farm Smethport, R. F. D. 3, is the holder of the world's record in price received for a veal calf. The calf was two months old and was not a thoroughbred, Mr. Mather not knowing its breed further than the fact that the Jersey strain predominated. The calf weighed 190 pounds and sold at the Buffalo market for $47.50, Mr. Mather clearing $44.62.

Mr. Mather received the following letter from Clay, Robinson & Co., Live Stock Commission, Stock Yards, Buffalo, under date of July 11: "We sold your calf at 25 cents a pound, which is the world's record price for a calf. This price is 50 cents per cwt. more than any calf ever sold for. Choice calves sold today at $24.50."

The new $100 and $1,000 Treasury Savings Certificates will probably be in the hands of the banks today.

Governor Sproull will be the first citizen of Delaware County to secure the first $100 War Savings stamp. Who will be the first Smethport citizen to buy one? Cost but $83.60, worth $100 on January 1, 1924.

GOING TO TEXAS

Mr. and Mrs. George Herzog and children of Farmers Valley departed Herzog and children will stop at Catlis morning for the West. Mrssey, Ill., and visit relatives, while at oil fields and his first work will Mr. Herzog will proceed to the Texbe on the erection of a gasoline plant. He expects to locate in Texas permanently.

ARE LAYING CONCRETE.

Work of laying the concrete for the new pavement on East Main street to the borough line is in progress. Yesterday more than 200 feet had been laid. It will not be many days now before that portion of the new road will be open to traffic.

ENGAGEMENT ANNOUNCED

Mr. and Mrs. George Ostrander of Ceres announce the engagement of their daughter, Blanche, to David D. Comes of Smethport. The marriage will take place some time in August.

CARD OF THANKS

We desire to express our most sincere thanks to the Employers and Employees of Norwich Sawmill and all others for their kind assistance at the sad accident of Henry Bertschinger and the sympathy and the beautiful flowers at the funeral.

Frederick A. Bertschinger and Relatives adv29w1**

One and a half Ton Studebaker Master Truck: high tension Magneto; stake body. All tires practically new; run less than 500 mile. Rare bargain for $650.00.

Beakes Novelty Co. adv2tf

CHARTER No. 8301. Reserve District No. 3

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE GRANGE NATIONAL BANK OF McK... COUNTY, AT SMETHPORT, IN THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS ON JUNE 30th, 1919.

Resources.

1	a Loans and discounts, including rediscounts, (excepting those shown in b and c)		384,688.34
	Total loans		384,688.34
	d Notes and bills rediscounted (other than bank acceptances sold) (see Item 87a)	5,000.00	
	f Foreign Bills of Exchange or Drafts sold with indorsement of this bank, not shown under Item d above (see Item 87c)	5,000.00	379,688.34
3.	Overdrafts, secured, none; unsecured,	343.75	343.75
	a U. S. bonds deposited to secure circulation (par value)	100,000.00	
	U. S. bonds and certificates of indebtedness owned and unpledged		100,000.00
	g Premiums on U. S. bonds		
4	Liberty Loan Bonds, 3½, 4, and 4¼ per cent, unpledged	23,450.00	
	b. Liberty Loan Bonds, 3½, 4, and 4¼ per cent, pledged to secure U. S. deposits	2,000.00	
	d Liberty Loan Bonds, 3½, 4, and 4¼ per cent, pledged to secure State or other deposits or bills payable		24,450.00
	b Bonds other than U. S. bonds pledge to secure postal savings deposits	2,000.00	
	e Securities other than U. S. bonds (not including stocks) owned unpledged	10,075.00	
	f Collateral Trust and other notes of corporations issued for not less than ONE YEAR nor more than THREE YEARS' time	15,774.80	
	Total bonds, securities, etc., other than U. S.		68,852.80
9.	Stock of Federal Reserve Bank (50 per cent of subscription)		3,800.00
10	Value if banking house owned and unencumbered	20,000.00	
	b Equity in banking house		20,000.00
11	Furniture and fixtures		7,200.00
12.	Lawful reserve with Federal Reserve Bank		33,713.37
15.	Cash in vault and net amounts due from national banks		63,020.40
16	Checks on other banks in the same city or town as reporting bank (other than Item 17)		546.37
	Total of Items 14, 15, 16, 17 and 18.	96,566.77	
20.	Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer and due from U. S. Treasurer		5,000.00
	Interest earned but not collected—approximate—on Notes and Bills Receivable not past due		3,412.54
	Total		778,106.17

Liabilities.

24.	Capital stock paid in		100,000.00
25.	Surplus fund		30,000.00
26.	a. Undivided profits	9,448.58	
	b. Less current expenses, interest, and taxes paid		9,448.58
	Interest and discount collected or credited in advance of maturity and not earned (approximate)		1,394.61
29.	Circulating notes outstanding		100,000.00
35.	Cashier's checks on own bank outstanding		127.20
	Total of Items 32, 33, 34 and 35	197.20	
	Individual deposits subject to check		360,576.85
	Certificates of deposits due in less than 30 Days (other than for money borrowed)		122,713.19
39.	Deposits requiring notice but less than thirty days		211.28
40.	Dividends unpaid		25.30
41.	Other demand deposits		61,790.00
	Total of demand deposits (other than bank deposits) subject to Reserve, Items 36, 37, 38 39, 40, and41	368,302.62	
44.	Postal savings deposits		871.74
45.	Other time deposits		150,937.25
	Total of time deposits subject to Reserve, Items 42, 43, 44, and 45	151,808.99	
	War savings certificate and thrift stamp deposit account	4.77	
	Other United States deposits, including deposits of U. S. disbursing officers		4.17
	Total		778,106.17
87.	a Liabilities for rediscounts, including those with Federal Reserve Bank (see Item 12)		5,000.00
	Total contingent liabilities (87 a, b, and c)		5,000.00

State of Pennsylvania, } ss:—
County of McKean, }

I, E. E. Drake, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

E. E. DRAKE, Cashier

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 11th day of July, 1919.

HALLIE A. WALKER, Notary Public.

My Commission expires February 10, 1923.

CORRECT ATTEST:
S. A. STUDHOLME
T. F. BUNGIVILLE
F. L. HOLMES,
Directors

COURT HOUSE NOTES

DEEDS

July 1—Joseph Battaglia to Otto E. Paulson, Kane $2,000.

Lawrence Murray, et al. to C. W. Henretta, Bradford $1 Oak Hill Cemetery Association to Robert A. Mackie, Oak Hill Cemetery $307.

James George, Exr. to Homer G. Barcroft, Bradford Twp. $1.

Hannah J. Smedley, et al to Herbert R. Straight, et al, Bradford Twp. $1.

Ernest Gross, et al. to Allie Gross and wife, Ceres $500.

Allie Grossan and wife to Ernest Gross, Ceres $500.

M. J. Coleman and wife to Gell Coleman, Liberty $1800.

Marion Davis to Howard H. Hall, Port Allegany, $75.

O. A. Graves and wife to Peter Leffner, Eldred Twp. $1.

Pat Leffner and wife to C. Prouty, Eldred Twp. $1.

July 2— Clarissa F. Hazleton to Andrew A. Armstrong et al to Or-Bertha J. Hempstead, Bradford $1.

tin A. Johnson, Bradford, $1.

C. M. Brennan, Treasurer to City of Bradford $1366.03.

Same to Same, Bradford $12.64

Same to Same, Bradford $879.31

Same to Same, Bradford $1397.89

Same to Same, Bradford $877.29

Same to Same, Bradford $112.39

Same to Same, Bradford $86.88

The Era Publishing Company to Lewis Emery Jr., Bradford $1.

R. C. Gleason et al to M. V. Dickinson, Smethport $500.

George Gram to Mrs. Emma Eschenfeld, Annin $650.

July 3—S. A. Mundy and wife to John H. Glass, Bradford, $1400.

Catherine McDermott to Pasquelle Capolupo, Kane $1.

F. J. Bloomquist and wife to W. C. Burton, Kane $1.

John Lindberg and wife to Charles Sof, Kane $1.

Thomas L. Kane, Trustee to John Lindberg, Kane $150.

John Lindberg and wife to Jennie Bloon [illegible], Kane $1.

Hel[illegible] Baldwin to Lydia M. Brown, Bradford Twp. $1200.

Burley L. Ward and wife to Rosina Granate, Layfette $1.

Walter Atkins et al to William O. Neeley, Bradford, $1.

Gust Hoglund and wife to P. H. Bowers, Port Allegany $1200.

George J. Smith and wife to L. C. Hilliker, Port Allegany $8000.

—July 5—G. E. Weire et al to Frank Mollo, Hazlehurst, $40.

Earl D. Bills to Frank Mollo, Hazelhurst $100.

Claude W. Shattuck and wife to Enos D. Kepner, Eldred, $850.

James George Exr. to James G. Paul, et al, Bradford Twp $1.

William Franklin and wife to Fred C. Kinney, Liberty $550.

July 7—Flora M. Chapin to E. A. Griffith, Bradford $1300.

H. A. Spencer, et al, to P. A. Walters and wife Bradford, $2500.

David D. Bartleson and wife to F. J. Baumann and wife Kane $2000.

Orville Sherwoodand wife to Mary E. Kingsby, Keatings $ 1.

Mrs. Jennie Black to Oscar Erickson, Liberty $400.

M. J. Coleman and wife to Benjamin F. Sawyer and wife, Liberty $900.

SATISFACTION OF MORTGAGE

July 1—Sam Battaglia to Joseph Battaglia, Kane $1900.

S. P. Kennedy to Homer G. Barcroft, Foster $2350.

C. Scott Smith to Jennie L. Scott and husband Bradford $2034.74

July 2—Robert Cole to John McClury et al Bradford $400.

William E. Pelton to Lee D. Meacham and wife, Liberty $2500.

July 3—Waldo M. Whitehead to Isabella Ellis, Bradford $1000.

July 7—John A. McKellar to Samuel Cleveland Bradford $200.

State Capitol Saving and Loan Association to Charles A. Benson and wife, Kane $800.

ASSIGNMENT OF MORTGAGE

July 1—Elizaoeth Paton Howard to Agnes M. Paton Bradford $2000.

REPORT OF SALES OF WAR SAVING STAMPS AS CREDITED TO THE VARIOUS POST OFFICES IN McKEAN COUNTY

Col. 1, list of McKean County postoffices.

Col. 2, number of W. S. S. sold during the month of May.

Col. 3, number of W. S. S. Stamps sold during the month of June.

Col. 4, number of W. S. S. Stamps sold from January 1, 1919 to July 1, 1919.

Aiken	5	5	32
Bradford	276	169	1321
Burrows		9	9
Coryville			40
Crosby	5	1	79
Custer City	11	9	
Dallas City	1	0	7
Degolia			27
Derrick City	4		22
Duke Center	15	4	122
E. Smethport	1	2	14
Eldred	29	15	260
Gifford			19
Hazlehurst	3	18	142
Kane	32	311	2245
Kushequa			298
Lafayette	4	2	21
Lewis Run	4		36
Ludlow		7	60
Mt. Alton			1
Mt. Jewett	28	47	641
Norwich	427	1	363
Ormsby	6		14
Port Allegany	97	80	693
Red Rock	2	2	4
Rew	1		
Rixford	19	26	267
Smethport	106	40	422
Turtle Point	0	3	3

Postoffices not in the above list either failed to report or have made no sales since January 1st, 1919.

Boys and girls who will save their money to buy Thrift and War-Saving Stamps can have a Thrift Bank furnished by the post offices or write to the County Chairman of War Savings Stamps.

H. J. Rice,
County Chairman.

LARABEE

Mrs. Arnot and son, David Arnot, of Rew City spent the Fourth with Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Haynes.

Eros Carpenter was a business visitor in Port Allegany, Wednesday.

Mrs. Mildred Stickles of Coryville and Joseph Haynes spent the Fourth with Mr. and Mrs. John Rice of Stilltown.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Wood, daughter, Mrs. Raymond Rice and Miss Daphne Wood, of Fowler Brook, accompanied by their friend of Irving, Pa., called on Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Rice, Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Johnson and Children, accompanied by Miss Lois Pendleton, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Haynes of Sartwell, the Fourth.

Earnest Hibbard who recently returned from overseas service, accompanied by his mother, of Bedford, Pa., are visiting the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Carpenter.

The people of Slack Hollow and vicinity held a basket picnic and dance on the Fourth. It was attended by a large crowd who reported an enjoyable time.

Mrs. Vird Dennis and children were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. B. Hyde of East Smethport.

Mrs. Bruce Stull of Eldred was a guest of her sister, Mrs. Forrest Pendleton Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Rice, daughter, Miss Alberta Rice, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Rice spent the Fourth with Mr and Mrs. W. C. Wood of Fowler Brook.

W. T. Wainman of Stilltown called here, Saturday.

Miss Gladys Raszmann of Buffalo is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Raszmann.

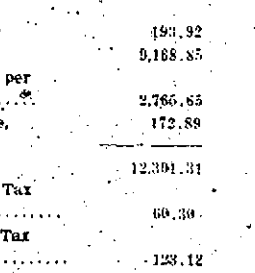
Wm. Hakes of Ellicottville, N. Y. called on friends in town, Monday.

Mrs. M. V. Hotchkiss and daughter Mrs. Eva Young of Olean are guests of friends and relatives here.

Vird Dennis was a Bradford visitor the Fourth.

Mrs. E. C. Hubbard is a guest of relatives in Buffalo.

Mrs. Kate Freeman and daughter Miss Helen of Smethport are guests of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Raszmann.



MILLINERY FOR ALL

Always find something here that pleases. The season's choicest offering, or the "emergency" hat that must be secured in a short time. We cordially welcome you at any time and are ever ready to fill your desire in the line of seasonable millinery.

CARRIE CLARK.

AUDITORS REPORT OF KEATING TOWNSHIP SCHOOL FUNDS, FOR THE SCHOOL YEAR ENDING JULY 8th, 1919.

Audited at Grange National Bank July 7th, to 11th, 1919, Smethport, Penn'a.

RECEIPTS

L. A. Boyer (Deceased) Treasurer and W. I. Oviatt, Treasurer. Dr.

To amount received from 1918 Balance in Grange Bank	826.06	
To amount received from Notes for Deposit	3,000.00	
To amount received from Lafayette Twp. Tuition	314.50	
To amount received from Otto Twp. Tuition	305.00	
To amount received from Annin Twp. Tuition	170.00	
To amount received from Bradford Twp. Tuition	238.00	
To amount received from H. J. Rice, Collector	12,128.42	
To amount received from State Appropriation	3,435.15	
To amount received from County Treas. Unseated Tax	3,256.99	
To amount received from Cash, sale of stove.	1.00	
To amount received from Cash, sale of Closets	10.00	
To amount received from Grange Bank, Rebate Interest.	.42	
To amount received from Dana Oil Company, Rent.	6.00	
To Amount received from Sale of Costine	3.10	
	$22,735.64	$22,735.64

CREDITS

By amount paid Teachers Wages	8,997.50
By amount paid Repairs	601.97
By amount paid Debt and Interest	4,878.58
By amount paid Tuition	2,735.50
By amount paid School Supplies. (First Class)	295.25
By amount paid School Supplies. (Second Class)	607.57
By amount paid Sanitary Expense	781.46
By amount paid Collectors Fees	621.67
By amount paid Treasurer's Salary (L. A. Boyer)	77.96
By amount paid Treasurer's Salary (W. I. Oviatt)	210.00
By amount paid Treasurer's Salary (James Bray)	149.49
By amount paid Conveying Pupils	443.91
By amount paid Conveyance	22.83
By amount paid Fuel and Water	642.67
By amount paid Text Books	293.99
By amount paid Stationary and Postage	16.67
By amount paid Janitor	24.00
By amount paid Secretary's Salary	209.00
By amount paid Insurance	78.14
By amount paid Printing and Auditing	104.50
By amount paid Attorney Fees	100.00
By amount paid Directors Attending Convention	4.00
By amount paid Telephone	3.50
By amount paid Truant Officer	12.65
By amount paid Boarding Pupils	36.00
By amount paid Freight and Drayage	60.90
By amount paid in Grange Bank to Balance	723.97
	$22,735.64 $22,735.64

Henry Rice, Collector in account with Keating Twp. Schools.

Dr.

To amount due from 1917 Taxes with 5 per cent added	254.22	
To amount of 1918 Tax Duplicate	12,084.72	
To amount of 5 per cent. penalty added on Taxes after Oct. 1st	145.79	
	$12,484.73	$12,484.73

Cr.

By amount paid on 1917 Tax Duplicate	193.92	
By amount paid on 1918 Taxes at Par.	9,168.85	
By amount paid on 1918 Taxes with 5 per cent. penalty added	2,765.65	
By amount of exonerations on 1918 Taxes,	172.89	
	12,301.31	
Amount due from Coll. Rice on 1917 Tax duplicate, 5 per cent added	60.30	
Amount due from Coll. Rice on 1918 Tax duplicate, 5 per cent added	123.12	
	$12,484.73	$12,484.73

Liabilities of Keating Township

Out Standing Orders	753.28
Amount owing Grange Bank in Note	6,007.80
	$6,761.08 $6,761.08

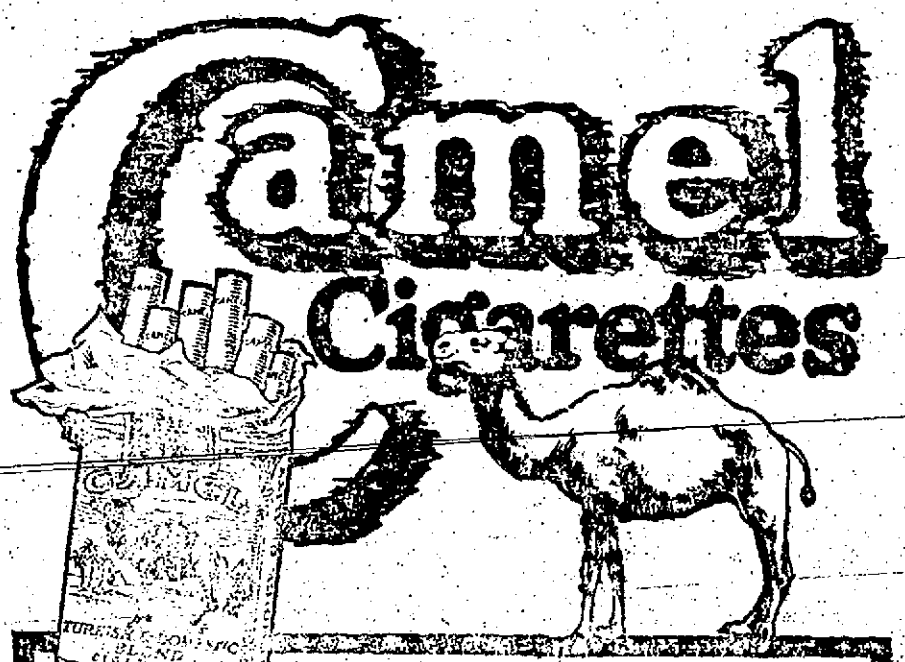
Resources of Keating Township

Amount due from Coll. Farley	117.00
Amount due from Rice on 1917 Tax duplicate, 5 per cent. added	60.30
Amount due from Coll. Rice on 1918 Tax duplicate 5 per cent. added	123.12
Balance in Grange Bank	723.97
	1024.39
Liabilities in excess of Resources.	5,736.69
	$6,761.08 $6,761.08

We the Auditors of Keating Township having examined the Acc'ts of Collectors A. G. Farley and H. J Rice; Deceased Treasurer L. A. Boyer and Treas. W. I. Oviatt of Keating Twp. do find them as above stated and herewith attach our hand and seal.

CHAS. T. FREDERICK
S. D. CRAWFORD
Auditors.

Grange National Bank July 11th, 1919.



18 cents a package

What you pay out your good money for is cigarette satisfaction—and, my, how you do get it in every puff of Camels!

EXPERTLY blended choice Turkish and choice Domestic tobaccos in Camel cigarettes eliminate bite and free them from any unpleasant cigaretty aftertaste or unpleasant cigaretty odor.

Camels win instant and permanent success with smokers because the blend brings out to the limit the refreshing flavor and delightful mellow-mildness of the tobaccos yet retaining the desirable "body." Camels are simply a revelation! You may smoke them without tiring your taste!

For your own satisfaction you must compare Camels with any cigarette in the world at any price. Then, you'll best realize their superior quality and the rare enjoyment they provide.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

NEVER was such right-handed-two-fisted smokejoy as you puff out of a jimmy pipe packed with Prince Albert! *That's because P. A. has the quality!*

You can't fool your taste apparatus any more than you can get five aces out of a family deck! So, when you hit Prince Albert, coming and going, and get up half an hour earlier just to start stoking your pipe or rolling cigarettes, *you know* you've got the big prize on the end of your line!

Prince Albert's quality alone puts it in a class of its own, but when you figure that P. A. is made by our exclusive patented process that cuts out bite and parch—*well*—you feel like getting a flock of dictionaries to find enough words to express your happy days sentiments!

Toppy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors—and—that classy, practical pound crystal glass humidor with sponge moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

IT IS FREEZING TODAY 30 MILES FROM SMETHPORT IN THE "ICE MINE"

Nature's Wonder, Also Called "Devil's Ice Box" At Coudersport, Pennsylvania.

The "Ice Mine", the Wonderful Freak of Nature, at Coudersport, is now open to visitors and tourists in every direction are visiting this natural phenomenon. The number of visitors is increasing every day and unusually large crowds visit "The Mine" on Sundays.

The beautiful and fantastic ice formations are not removed from "The Mine" but are left to be viewed by the thousands who visit the place each summer. The ice formations appear during the warm weather but melt on the approach of winter.

This wonderful place is pictured and described in the Literary Digest of April 19, 1913; the Popular Science Monthly of March 1913, the Scientific American of May 6, 1916 and various other periodicals.

Many Smethport people have autoed to the "Ice Mine" and all express not only satisfaction and wonder at the place itself, but also their surprise to learn that such a unique attraction is so near to Smethport.

TAKE YOUR OVERCOAT WITH YOU WHEN YOU VISIT THIS PLACE.

JONTEEL

The new $100,000 odor

TALC—FACE POWDER

Cold Cream and

Combination Cream

Hogarth's Pharmacy

(THE REXALL STORE)

CHOICE CANDY

AND

BAKED GOODS

AT

BRASTED'S

Bakery

Plows 8 to 10 acres a day. It turns in a 18-foot circle and operates well in orchards and places where space is restricted.

It's pulley belt gives 20 h. p. for stationary work, as filling silos, cutting ensilage, etc.

It is fast replacing teams for work around factories and on oil and gas leases.

We are glad to demonstrate it at any time.

Smethport Garage Co.

Smethport, Pa.

Walk a Little Further

or shop by phone and Save Money

Best Groceries

staple - - fancy

W. C. Daly

Mechanic & Mill streets

Phone 92-J

—E. D. Comes and son John, visited Buffalo a few days last week.

—L. E. Munn went to Buffalo last Thursday where he is taking treatment for the improvement of his health. According to report his condition is improving which is welcome news to many friends.

—William Jerome Swetman of Waterloo, N. Y., entered into rest June 28, at the age of 74 years. He had lived in that town for thirty years and was highly respected. He leaves a widow and nine children to mourn their loss, a daughter, Mrs. John A. Karlen being a resident of Smethport. The funeral was held July 1, and all the children and sixteen grandchildren were in attendance at the last sad rites.

A FREE SCHOLARSHIP

Any young man or woman who is a bona fide patron of this paper may secure free instruction in Music or Elocution.

The Ithaca Conservatory of Music with the desire to stimulate the study of these arts, offers ten Scholarships to applicants from the State of Pennsylvania, valued at $100 each and good for one term of seventeen weeks beginning with the opening of the school year, Sept. 25, 1919, in any of the following departments: Voice, Violin, Piano, Elocution and Public School Music. These scholarships are awarded upon competition which is open to anyone desiring a musical or literary education. Anyone wishing to enter the competition or desiring information should write to Mr. Geo. C. Williams, Secretary of the Ithaca Conservatory of Music, Ithaca, N. Y., before Sept. 1, 1919.

SALE OF REAL ESTATE

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Administrator, C. T. A. of the Estate of Ellen McDowell, late of the Township of Keating, deceased, will expose and make public sale to the highest bidder on Monday, July 28, 1919, at one o'clock P. M. at the Court House in the Borough of Smethport, Pennsylvania, all the interest, claim or title of said Ellen McDowell or the estate of Ellen McDowell in and to the following described tract or parcel of land situate in the Township of Keating, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania:

Beginning at the northeast corner of lot No. 78 of the allotment of the lands of Bingham Estate, in Keating Township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, conveyed to William S. Brownell; thence along the east line of said lot south 2 degrees, west 184.4 perches; thence along the north line of lot No. 24 conveyed to William Ripley, south 89½ degrees east, 44.7 perches; thence along the west line of lot No. 349, the west line of lot No. 50, and the west lines of lots Nos. 18 and 19, north 2 degrees, east 182 perches; thence along the road north 86½ degrees west 45 perches to the place of beginning. Containing 52.5 acres, be the same more or less, it being lot No. 201 of the allotment of the Bingham lands in Keating Township aforesaid and part of Warrant No. 2056 and being same lands described in deed dated Dec. 31, 1901, recorded August 14, 1907 in D. B. 143 page 292, subject to the oil and gas rights and the exceptions and reservations as mentioned in said deed, further reference to which will more fully appear. Also subject to the conveyance to the Marvindale Chemical Company on August 13, 1907, of all the timber and wood of every size, kind and description, as mentioned in indenture recorded in D. B. 143 page 294.

Terms of sale one-fourth cash at the time of the sale, and the balance of the purchase money on confirmation of sale and delivery of deed. This sale is made in pursuance of order of the Orphans court of McKean County, made the first day of July 1919, in proceedings of record in the office of said Clerk of Court.

Frank B. Fay,
Administrator C. T. A. of the Estate of Ellen McDowell, Deceased.
Gallup and Potter,
Attorneys. adv28w3.

SALE OF REAL ESTATE

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned Administrator of the Estate of Andrew Bush, late of the Township of Keating, deceased, will expose and make public sale to the highest bidder on Monday, July 28, 1919, at one o'clock P. M. at the Court House in the Borough of Smethport, Pennsylvania, all of the right, title, claim or interest of the said Andrew Bush, or the Estate of Andrew Bush, in and to the two following described tracts or parcels of land in the Township of Keating, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania:

1. BEGINNING at a post in the southwest corner of lot No. 84 of allotment of Keating lands conveyed to William Acre; thence north 16 degrees west 166.5 perches to center of Port Allegany Road and line of land formerly of T. L. Chapin; thence along said road 13.3 perches to a post; thence south 16 degrees east 110 perches to a post in the old State Road; thence by said road 18.5 perches to the place of beginning, containing 12.5 acres, strict measure, more or less, and being part of lots Nos. 84 and 201, allotment of Keating lands in said Township and part of Warrant numbered 2064 and 2059, and being same land conveyed by William Acre et ux by deed dated January 6, 1886, and recorded in Deed Book "X", page 301.

2. Beginning at the southwest corner of lot No. 84 of the allotment of the Keating lands conveyed by Keating and Company to William Acre; thence by the State Road north 49 degrees east 32 perches to a corner; thence south 83 degrees east 28 perches to a corner; thence north 16 degrees west 116 perches to a corner; thence south 78 degrees west 18.2 perches to a corner in the west line of lot No. 201 of the allotment of Keating lands conveyed by Keating and Company to Thomas Madison, thence south by west line of said lots 201 and 84, 126 perches to the place of beginning, containing 24 acres, 35 square perches more or less, and being part of lots 201 and 84 aforesaid, and part of Warrants 2064 and 2059, and being the same land conveyed by John R. Chadwick et ux to Andrew Bush by deed dated November 14, 1865, and recorded in D. B. 118, page 219.

SUBJECT to the indenture made November 6, 1901, by Andrew Bush to the Ormsby Gas Company No. 2, for the purpose of mining, excavating and drilling for petroleum oil and natural gas on the above described lands recorded in D. B. 129, page 31.

Terms of sale one-fourth cash at the time of the sale, and the balance of the purchase money on confirmation of sale and delivery of deed. This sale is made in pursuance of an order of the Orphans Court of McKean County, made the first day of July 1919 in proceedings of record in the office of said Clerk of Court.

Hamlin Bank and Trust Company.
By R. E. Burdick.
Administrator of the Estate of Andrew Bush, Deceased.
Gallup and Potter,
Attorneys. adv28w3.
Smethport, Pa., July 7, 1919.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN

that Letters of Administration C. T. A. have been granted to the undersigned, on the Estate of Ellen B. McDowell, late of the county of McKean, State of Pennsylvania, deceased.

All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against said estate, to present them for the purpose of payment to Frank B. Fay, Administrator C. T. A., Smethport, Penna.

Smethport, Pa., June 16, 1919.

FRANK B. FAY.

Gallup & Potter, Attorneys.
adv25w6

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATRIX

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT Letters of Administration have been granted to the undersigned on the Estate of Francis Breindle, late of the Borough of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, deceased. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against said estate to present them for the purpose of payment, to Teresa Breindle, Administratrix, Smethport, Pa.

Teresa Breindle,
Administratrix.

Gallup & Potter, Attorneys.
June 26, 1919. adv27w6

Subscribe for the MINER.

Loyal Pennsylvania Chautauquans In Pilgrimage to Save Institution

The famous Hall of Philosophy at Chautauqua which will be the meeting place of friends of the institution who are making a pilgrimage to the Assembly Grounds to counsel on Chautauqua's future. Below, from left to right are Bishop John H. Vincent, founder of Chautauqua, Mrs. Ida B. Cole, secretary of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circles and Arthur E. Bestor, president of Chautauqua. At the lower right is Dr. Charles E. Welch, a trustee of the institution, and leading spirit in the campaign to save Chautauqua.

FRIENDS of Chautauqua and organizers, presidents and secretaries of Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circles from all parts of Pennsylvania have been invited to join in a pilgrimage to Chautauqua the week of July 14 when a special emergency council at the famous Chautauqua Assembly Grounds will discuss a "Saving Chautauqua" program. The council will be in session all day on July 15 and plans will be perfected for placing Chautauqua Institution on a permanently solvent basis.

Among the Chautauquans from Pennsylvania who will attend the council are: Rev. Walter C. Roberts of Mauch Chunk, Mrs. M. B. Moorhead of Moorheadville, Mrs. F. B. Fleming of Oil City, Mrs. Thomas Alexander of Franklin, Mrs. Robert P. Dexter of Coudersport, Miss Gertrude Heasley of Emlenton; Miss Anna C. Schreffler of Lock Haven, Mrs. H. W. Alexander of Monongahela, H. J. Loch of Punxsutawney, Mrs. Ed Carter of Towanda, Mrs. J. J. Hoff of Warren and Mrs. I. H. Knox of Waynesburg.

Chautauqua Institution has entered the 1919 season, its forty-sixth year, burdened by a debt of $589,000, of which nearly $500,000 represents investment in permanent improvements and expansion of site, all forced on it from year to year by the demands of residents and visiting clientele. The trustees are raising a fund of $600,000 to perpetuate the enterprise by making it permanently solvent.

Chautauqua is not a money making institution. The charter under which it operates precludes profits. The increased receipts made possible by the lifting of interest charges on its debt will go to improvements and broadening the scope of the institution which had led in American thought for two generations. Endowments and large gifts and bequests are expected once the success of the $600,000 campaign puts the institution in a permanently secure position.

Cottage holders at Chautauqua are giving $150,000, the trustees are giving $100,000. Chautauqua county is raising $100,000 and the general public and bondholders will be asked to pledge $250,000

The Miner $2 per year

McKean County Miner

Thursday, July 17, 1919.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—C. W. Manser has a new advertisement today.

See the new advertisement of the Grange National Bank today.

The Hamlin Bank & Trust Co. has a new advertisement today.

The Grange National Bank statement appears elsewhere in today's issue.

Attention is directed to Monheimer's ad which is interesting.

George H. Denning is having his residence on East Main street repainted.

Spend a 'summer resort' Sunday at the Fair Grounds, see the interesting game of ball, Austin vs Smethport and enjoy the band music.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Hubbard and children and Miss Julia Gaynor motored to Buffalo Sunday and visited Mr. Hubbard's son, James.

—C. Lester Emmert of Lafayette College is in town for the summer in the interest of the Educators Association of New York City. Much enthusiasm is greeting his work here.

—Westbrook Commercial Academy Olean, has an interesting advertisement today. This is one of the best commercial colleges in the country and many Smethport students attend.

—At the Swedish Mission church next Sunday, services will be held at the regular hours. After the morning service the Lord's supper will be served. Special singing at the evening service. Mid-week service every Thursday at 8 P. M.

—The Baptist Sunday school held its picnic at Galco Park last Friday. The day was ideal and a number attended. Dinner and supper were served on the grounds. The young people participated in many forms of sport which were enjoyed by all.

—Professor and Mrs. C. B. Renn, sons Chester, Donald and James and daughter Margaret left last week, Wednesday in their automobile for a three weeks trip in Pennsylvania and New York state, where they will visit relatives and friends.

—C. E. Piper of Derrick City while transacting business in Smethport Monday found time to make the MINER office a pleasant call. Mr. Piper has been Justice of the peace of this district for 14 years and is a man well known throughout the county.

—At the Baptist church next Sunday services will be held at the regular hours. Sunday school subject, "The Lord's Supper," Morning subject, "Who are the Men of Prayer." Evening subject, "Our Sabbath Imperiled." Prayer meeting Thursday evening, subject "Faith."

McKean County Miner

Entered at the post office at Smethport, Pa., as second class matter.

HARRY L. BACKUS
Owner

ROSS K. KNAPP
Editor and Manager

Advertising rates; 15 cents per inch for display advertising. Reading notices 5 cents per line each insertion. Card of Thanks $1.00 each payable in advance.

Legal advertising 7 1-2 cents per line.

Address: McKean County Miner, Smethport, Pa.

Thursday, July 17, 1919.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

COUNTY TREASURER

Editor Miner:—

Please announce that I am a candidate for county treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries, Wednesday, September 17, 1919.

EUGENE McCANN.

Bradford, Pa., May 9; 1919.

SHERIFF OF McKEAN COUNTY

Editor Miner:

Please announce that I am a candidate for Sheriff of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries on Wednesday, September 17, 1919.

C. C. CHOATE

Smethport, Pa., May, 14, 1919.

RECORDER OF DEEDS

Editor of Miner:

Will you kindly announce that I am a candidate for the office of Recorder of Deeds of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held on September 17, 1919.

A. R. ANDERSON, Clermont, Pa.

May 2, 1919.

REGISTER OF WILLS AND CLERK OF THE ORPHANS' COURT.

Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Register of Wills and Clerk of the Orphans' Court of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries, to be held September 17, 1919.

JOHN B. EASTMAN

Smethport, Pa., May 19, 1919.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER

Editor Miner:—Please announce that I am a candidate to succeed myself as County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries on Wednesday, September 17, 1919.

O. S. GAHAGAN.

Mt. Jewett, Pa. May 1, 1919.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER

Editor Miner—Please announce that I am a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries on Wednesday, September 17, 1919.

A. J. BOND

Bradford, Pa., May 1, 1919.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER

Editor Miner—Please announce that I am a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries on Wednesday, September 17, 1919.

E. W. JONES.

Smethport, Pa., May 2, 1919.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER

Editor Miner—

Please announce that I am a candidate for County Cammissioner subject to the decision of the Republican Primaries, Wednesday Sept. 17, 1919.

FRANK POTTER

Smethport Pa. May 7, 1919

COUNTY COMMISSIONER

Editor Miner—

Please announce my candidacy for the office of County Commissioner of McKean County subject to the decision of the voters at the Republican Primaries on Sept 17 1919.

CHAS. LUNDEN.

Mt. Jewett, Pa. May 6 1919.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER

Editor Miner:

Please announce that I am a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries on Wednesday, September 17, 1919.

W. H. HALPENNY.

Smethport, Pa., May, 13, 1919.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER

Editor Miner:

Please announce that I am a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries on Wednesday, September 17, 1919.

WILLIAM BOWARD, Jr.

Bradford, Pa., May 20, 1919.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER

Editor Miner:

Please announce that I am a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries on Wednesday, September 17th 1919.

C. S. KING.

Port Allegany, Pa., July 8, 1919.

Elsewhere in today's MINER will be found notices regarding the probable formation of a Post of the American Legion in Smethport. Briefly, to quote from a handbook recently received, the American Legion is the organization of American veterans in the World War. It is non-partisan and non-political. It is a civilian organization—not military or militaristic. It makes no distinctions of rank and no distinctions between overseas men and men who did not go overseas. Any soldier, sailor or marine who served honorably between April 6, 1917 and Nov. 11, 1918, is eligible to membership, as are also women who were regularly enlisted or commissioned in the army, navy or marine corps. It was first organized in Paris March 15 to 17, 1919, by a thousand officers and men, delegates from all the units of the American Expeditionary Force to an organization meeting which adopted a tentative constitution and adopted the name "America Legion." The action of the Paris meeting was confirmed and endorsed by a similar meeting held in St. Louis, May 8 to 10, 1919, when the Legion was formally recognized by the troops who served in the United States. The temporary national headquarters are at 19 West 44th street, New York City. The Legion has already used its influence in helping to adjust the grievances and claims of its members and efforts will be made for the enactment of reclaimation projects by the government to provide work and homes for service men. The final step in the organization of the Legion will take place at a national convention to be held in Minneapolis, Minn., Nov. 10, 11 and 12, at which time the completion of the first year of peace will be celebrated and practically all the men of the A. E. F. will be at home and represented by delegates at the meeting. The Legion is made up of state branches and these in turn are made up of local posts. The meeting to start a local organization has been called by E. G. Potter and others and will be held at the hose house to-morrow night, starting at 8 o'clock.

The announcement of C. S. King of Port Allegany as a candidate for the nomination of county commissioner subject to the decision of the voters at the Republican primaries, arrived just too late for last week's issue. It appears this week and the MINER will have more to say regarding Mr. King's candidacy in future issues.

The action of Mrs. Eugenia Morrell in establishing a fund to pay the salary of a community nurse, mention of which is made elsewhere in this issue, is most commendable and fills a need that has long existed. The thoughtfulness and generosity of this lady is appreciated in Smethport and the selection of Mrs. Carrie Marks, whose capabilities are well known, to fill the position shows most excellent judgement as well as good fortune in securing her services.

Frank Potter is a popular candidate for the nomination of county commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries, September 16, who is going to receive a lot of well deserved votes. He is a capable man who has proven his worth as a county official, one who attends to his duties in a conscientious manner. He has ever been a booster in the good roads movement and has used whatever influence he possessed to better the highways of McKean county. His understanding of industrial affairs in the county is thorough and he can be depended upon to use good judgement in the transacting of county business. He is making a thorough canvass among the Republican voters of the county and many will be on hand to give him their support on September 16.

A Washington correspondent says, "The proposal that verbs shall be created out of the words Burleson and McAdoo, just as verbs were made out of the names of Captain Boycott and Monsieur Guillotine, has not brought results thus far, probably for the reason that what McAdoo did to the railroads and what Burleson has done to the postal service are of such rare and distinct character that the similar acts are not likely to be frequent enough to create a new word. Ruining a man's business by boycotting him or ending his career under the knife, were of such a common occurrence that there was ready use of the words coined from the names of the originators of the process. We suppose there is occasion a large establishment in which disorganization can be wrought and service impaired to such an extent that one might appropriately say that it had been burlesqued. There may be other establishments which could be so transformed that they would pile up regular deficits, justifying the comment that they had been macadooed. But in practically all instances where the process had begun, there would be a prompt change of management, thus avoiding occasion to use the words proposed as an addition to our vocabulary. There is no likilhood that anywhere in private enterprise will there be found an example of mismanagement that will call for the use of such severe words as either burlesqued or macadooed. Only in government operation will the word be needed and then, if the voters are wise, it will be needed only at long intervals.

A Washington correspondent says: The announcement from New York that Commander Evangeline Booth of the Salvation Army is to be awarded the distinguished service medal by Secretary of War, Baker for her services during the war, vividly recalls Mr. Baker's recent attitude toward the Army which Miss Booth heads in the United States. During the recent drive by the Salvation Army for $13,000,000 with which to carry on its home service work, the campaign committee in the District of Columbia organized the various government departments for the purpose of soliciting funds. Every government department took an active part in the work with the exception of the War Department which was prevented from doing so by an order from Secretary Baker. It was pointed out at the time that even after Mr. Baker had been shown a cable grant from President Wilson giving his approval of the Salvation Army drive, he still refused to waive his standing rule which prevents solicitation in his department. Many soldiers and officers of the War Department who tell of the work of the Salvation Army in France were highly indignant. One officer expressed himself by saying: "If I had my uniform off I would say more about this stand taken by Secretary Baker, but, of course, I am still in the service and I can't say too much." Despite the Baker rule, several hundred dollar, were given from the War Department by employees who took their contributions to campaign headquarters and expressed strong indignation over the autocratic rule which prevented them from giving as a department unit. The result of the rule meant the loss of about $5,000 to the Salvation Army. Now Mr. Baker is apparently trying to smooth over his stand of opposition.

"PITILESS PUBLICITY" DEMANDED

The Republican Publicity Association, through its President, Hon. Jonathan Bourne, Jr., today gave out the following statement from its Washington Headquarters:

"Before the peace treaty with its annexed league of nations covenant is finally disposed of by the Senate the Comittee on Foreign Relations owes it to the country to conduct hearings, and demonstrate the truth or falsity of the various stories of the peace conference that have come to us from time to time. In spite of the fact that the treaty, and particularly the league covenant contained in it, is fraught with more tremendous consequences to the American people than any document that has come before them since the adoption of the Constitution, practically the only source of information concerning the negotiations has been the partially censored press. The country knows absolutely nothing of the bargains that were made among the delegates to the peace conference in order that the signatures of all the nations might be obtained, and no intimation allowed to escape as to the authorship of many of the most important provisions.

"But, although they have been denied authoritative information as to the conference progressed, the people have drawn their own conclusions on certain phases of the treaty and covenant that should either be substantiated or proved incorrect. That the Committee can easily do by calling before it the members of the personnel of the American delegation, and taking their testimony under oath. By combining their statements a connected and accurate story of the proceedings can be obtained, and the people will know at last in what manner their liberties have been trafficked and bartered. Among other things it should be demonstrated.

"1. Is Mr. Wilson the principle author of Article X of the league covenant by which we would be bound for all time to preserve "the territorial integrity and existing political independence" of all members of the league? Such an inference is a natural one inasmuch as the President used those precise phrases in a speech in January, 1916, in which he advocated similar guarantees for the American republics.

"2. Why does Mr. Wilson insist that the absurd language of Article XXI protects the Monroe Doctrine, particularly in view of the fact that English authorities positively assert that it does nothing of the kind?

"3. Under what theory was it that the British Empire has six votes in the league while the United States and other nations are allowed but one each?

"4 Why was the British Empire given control, in the form of mandatories, of about four-fifths of the captured German colonial territory; this in spite of the fact that the British Empire already controlled one-quarter of the total land area of the whole world?

"5. What was the so called American scheme for a league of nations; in what respect did it differ from, and why was it discarded in favor of the British plan?

"6. Just what were the considerations that induced Mr. Wilson to agree to urge upon the Senate an alliance guaranteeing Protection to France in the event of another war with Germany?

"7. Is it not a fact that upon the rejection of the league of nations by the United States Senate it will be promptly discarded by the other signatory nations, and a separate peace with Germany proceeded with immediately?

"8. Was there an acurate report, stenographic or otherwise, kept of the proceedings of the various commissions which transacted the real work of the peace conference? If so is there any reason why the Senate should not be put in possession of a copy of every such record?

"9. What is the true and unabridged story of the China-Japan-Shantung controversy?

"10. Where did Mr. Wilson derive his authority, either as President of the United States or as his peace comissioner to issue what amounted to an appeal to the Italian people to overthrow their government?

"11 Why should a portion of the Turkish Empire be selected for administration by the United States as mandatory? If this country must be mandatory for any captured territory why not select that which formerly belonged to the country with which we were at war, Germany, and which is certainly far more desirable than a province peopled by the unspeakable Turk?

"These are but a few mysteries that confront the American people, which it is their right to have cleared up before they bind themselves under terms that involve those questions. The power that vitalizes a treaty originates in the people. The individuals who represent them in the conference have behind them no possessions of their own with which to negotiate. They merely draw up a tentative arrangement that must be submitted for approval or rejection to the people through their representatives in the Senate. In order that action may be intelligent the Senate and the public should have in their possession all the data that was available to the negotiators themselves. It is within the power of the Foreign Relations Committee to get it.

"Not only should these questions receive pitiless publicity in order to insure proper action on the treaty, but it must not be forgotten that the Democratic party will have as its candidate for the Presidency next year the individual who headed our peace delegation or a man who entertains the same views. It is essential that all the facts surrounding the activities of Mr. Wilson in Paris should be brought to light that the people may know what sort of Americanism has actuated him. If he has proven faithless to his trust to "preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States" the voters should know it in order that he or the candidate who embodies his views may be properly rebuked at the polls. It may even transpire that the evidence is of such a character as to warrant laying it before the House for appropriate action under the impeachment clause of the Constitution. In any event we should have it before us as a basis for future

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Prescriptions carefully compounded.

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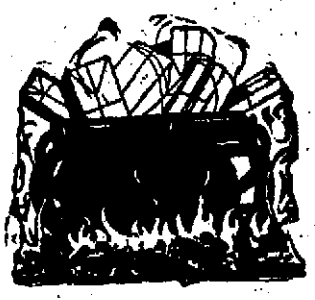
THREE MORE DAYS OF JULY CLEARANCE SALE.

SATURDAY THE LAST DAY



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Now then, come to our bank, begin depositing to-day. $1.00 will do to start, and by choosing this institution it will bring you an efficient banking connection.

THE GRANGE NATIONAL BANK,

Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

Thursday, July 17, 1919.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Green, daughters, Lois, Hazel and Frederica were Bradford visitors Sunday.

—Mr. and Mrs. Roy Gifford and three children of Chicago, Ill., Miss Kate Ryan of New York City, Miss Agnes Ryan of Bradford and Miss Jennie Ryan of Kane were guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Gleason last week.

—Miss Rohena Kautz is visiting in Buffalo this week.

—Attorney F. D. Gallup and son, William, are at Chautauqua Lake where they will visit for several weeks.

—Don't fail to attend the dance at the Lyceum to-morrow night given by the Smethport Allied Band. Good time assured.

—The Keating Township Auditors' Report for School Funds, year ending July 6, 1919, appears in today's issue of this paper.

—Howard Brownell returned to his home in New York City, Monday, after a short visit with relatives in this place and Mt Jewett.

—Major Robert Hamilton, who recently returned from overseas, mention of whom was made last week, is spending fifteen day leave with his family here.

—Mr. and Mrs. George McGowan, son, Jack and daughter, Jane, who have been visiting Mrs. McGowan's parents, Mr. and Mrs C. H. Gleason, have returned to their home in Indiana, Pa.

—Miss Aline Barnsdall, daughter of the late T. N. Barnsdall, prominent oil producer at one time a resident of Bradford, is building the finest theater in the world ta Los Angeles and thereby fulfilling a lifelong ambition.

—F. J. Shattuck and daughter, Miss Mable Shattuck of Linesville, motored here Sunday and on Monday Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Backus and children, Clarissa, Harry and William returned to Linesville with them for a visit. Mrs Backus is a daughter of Mr. Shattuck.

—Myron L. Gallup of Woodbury, N. J. is visiting Smethport this week. Myron and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Gallup were former residents of this town, and Myron says his parents are coming here for a visit during August. He is going to make a trip up the Hudson river before his return to Woodbury.

—Mrs. Eloise Godden of Marion, Ohio, is a guest of Mrs. M. Forrest. Mrs. Godden was born in Smethport, a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Sartwell, and has many friends here. For a number of years Mrs. Godden resided in Mexico City, and was there during the exciting period preceding and after the assassination of President Huerta of that turbulent republic.

—Clair Thomas of the United States Navy has received his honorable discharge and has returned to his home in Keating township. His term of service was spent largely on the Von Steuben, a boat that passed through many thrilling experiences. Sailor Thomas' record throughout the war was a commendable one and his friends are glad to have him safely home again.

EAST SMETHPORT

Visited Ice Mines—Home From Overseas

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Johnston and Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Nourse motored to the ice mine at Coudersport, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Peterson motored to Colegrove Friday evening.

Katrina St. John was a Sunday guest of Miss Ethel Reeves.

Miss Blanche Ovlatt has returned to Buffalo.

Mrs. O. D. Nourse and son Paul have returned from Betula, where they have been visiting.

Mrs. W. I. Ovlatt was a guest of friends in Bradford last week.

Norine Reeves of Duke Center is a guest at A. F. Reeves'.

Mr. Dodge of Coryville called on friends Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Dickerson and family were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Miller of Farmer's Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Hyde and Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Hyde motored to Turtle Point Sunday.

Mrs. E. G. Peterson of Olean was a guest of her parents last week.

Miss Pearle Green of Austin spent several days with Mrs. Lon Abbey last week.

Mrs Carrie Ovlatt was a guest of her sister, Sarah Armstrong, Monday.

Ernest Ford and Willis Weimer of Port Allegany called on Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Reeves Sunday evening.

Mrs. Sarah Armstrong and Frank Clair Thomas of the U. S. S. Von Steuben has been honorably discharged and arrived home last week.

Mrs. Harrison Stull is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Clayton Wales of Bolivar, N. Y.

Mrs. Emmet Ovlatt is visiting relatives in Port Allegany.

HERE AND THERE

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Arthurs and George King motored to Bradford on Sunday.

Miss Edith Churchley of East Smethport is spending her vacation at Picton, Ontario.

—Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Purtle are visiting relatives in Binghamton, N. Y., this week.

—Harry Zaner, who has been spending some time in town on account of the serious illness of his father-in-law, F. R. Foster, returned to his home in Erie, Pa., Saturday.

—Mrs Elida Powell of San Francisco and Mrs. Lucy Watkins of Binghamton, N. Y., are visiting friends and relatives in Smethport. These ladies are sisters, twin daughters of the late Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Wright, who spent their girlhood days in Smethport and have many friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Curtis were guests of relatives in Eldred on Sunday. Mrs. Minnie Herron and daughter of Olean is visiting Mrs. Fred Kautz and Mrs. W. I. Ovlatt.

Edward Dickerson of Farmers Valley attended the party given in honor of Lewiyn Stickles last week.

Alfred Ovlatt has returned to his home here after being employed at Huxleburst

Misses Aletha and Edna Rhodes and William Rhodes of Coleville motored to Smethport recently

All officers and enlisted personnel in the military and naval services of the United States of America at any time during the period from April 6, 1917 until November 11, 1918, both inclusive, are requested to be present at a meeting at the Hose House in the Borough of Smethport on Friday evening, July 18, 1919, at 8 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of organizing a Post in the American Legion. adv28w1

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Business demands more and pays better than ever before.
Over FIFTY '19 students in good paying positions NOW.
ONE-HALF of seating capacity already taken for Sept. 2
New catalog is ready. Ask for No. 37. Apply at once.
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IF YOU GO BAREFOOT

you can save money on shoes.

BUT, you can save money also by buying a pair of OUR Work Shoes.

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you just ought to see our dandy line of Dress-Shoes.

$1.00 reduction on all Button Shoes.

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Pictorial Patterns Arrow Shirts

The Fry Company
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REMNANT SALE
JULY 17 TO JULY 26
9 days - of Bargains - 9 days

After our successful July Sale we have an accumulation of short lengths - odd sizes and broken lots which we gathered together and marked at bargain prices.

$2.00 White Garbardine skirt	$1.39
3.50 " " "	2.39
5.00 " " "	3.49
One lot of waists	⅓ off
One lot of middy suits	½ price
" " " corsets	¼ "
" " " combination suits—corset covers and drawers size 34 and 36	.47
One lot of ladies colored hose value .35c sale price	.21
One lot of ladies tan hose regular price .50 sale price	.35
One lot childrens lisle thread lace hose special	.10
.90 Ringwalt linoleum	.75
1.98 Congoleum Rugs 4½x4½ special	1.69

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is what you make it. You have the power within you to ruin it or make an honorable one with credit to yourself.

We never saw a man down and out who made it a rule of his life to build up a bank account.

Banking encourages thrift.

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WATCHES

YOY NEED A WATCH ON YOUR VACATION.
WE HAVE A COMPLETE LINE OF GOOD WATCHES.
Prices Reasonable

J. M. Wiant - Jeweler and Optometrist
(SUCCESSOR TO VICTOR ENGSTROM)
The Focus of Quality - - - - - - - Smethport, Pa.

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3½ acres at borough line. Good house, barn, water, gas, chickens and chicken house. A cosy home for someone at $1,000.

49 acres farm, 3½ miles from Smethport. 8-room house, horsebarn, blacksmith shop, windmill. Buildings and farm are in excellent shape and a fine orchard is included. This is one of the most desirable properties in the county at the price, $3,000.

M. S. GEARY REAL ESTATE AGENT

PIECES of EIGHT

BEING THE AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE OF A TREASURE DISCOVERED IN THE BAHAMA ISLANDS IN THE YEAR 1903—NOW FIRST GIVEN TO THE PUBLIC

By Richard LeGallienne

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"As God is my witness, sar, I was ready to die, and there was a moment when I thought that the time had come; but Tobias suddenly walked away to the top of the bluff and called out to the Susan B., that was just running up her sails. At his word they put out a boat for him, and while he waited he came down the hill toward me, and the dog, that stood growling over you; and for sure I thought it was the end. But he said: 'Tell that fellow there that I'm not going to kill a defenseless man. He might have killed me once but he didn't. It's bound to be one of us some day or other, but, despise me all he likes—I'm not such carrion as he thinks me; and if he only likes to keep out of my way I'm willing to keep out of his.' Tell him when he wakes up that as long as he gives up going after what belongs to me—for it was my grandfather's—he is safe, but the minute he sets his foot or hand on what is mine, it's either his life or mine.' And then he turned away and was rowed to the Susan B., and they soon sailed away."

"With the black flag at the peak, I suppose, Tom," said I. "Well, that was a fine speech, quite a flight of oratory, and I'm sure I'm obliged to him for the life that's still worth having, in spite of this ungodly aching in my head. But how about the poor captain there! Where does all his eloquence come in there? He can't call it self-defense. They were waiting ready to murder us, as you saw. I'm afraid the captain and the law between them are all that is necessary to cook the goose of our friend Henry P. Tobias, Jr., without any help from me—though, as the captain died for me, I should prefer they allowed me to make it a personal matter."

"It's the beginning of the price," said Tom.

"The beginning of the price?"

"It's the dead hand," continued Tom; "I told you, you'll remember, that wherever treasure is there's a ghost of a dead man keeping guard and waiting till another dead man comes along to take up sentry duty so to say. The ghost is getting busy. And it makes me think that we're coming pretty near to the treasure or we wouldn't have had all this happen. Mark me, the treasure's near by—or the ghost wouldn't be so malicious."

And then, looking around where the captain and the engineer and Silly Theodore lay, I said:

"The next thing we've got to do is to bury these poor fellows; but where," I added, looking at the other two that fell in the water?

"Oh," said Tom, "a couple of sharks got them just before you woke up."

CHAPTER VII.

In Which Tom and I Attend Several Funerals.

When Tom and I came to look over the ground with a view to finding a burial place for the dead I realized with grim emphasis the truth of Charlie Webster's remarks—in those smuggery nights that seemed so remote and far away—on the nature of the soil which would have to be gone over in quest of my treasure. No wonder he had spoken of dynamite.

"Why, Tom," I said, "there isn't a wheelbarrow load of real soil in a square mile. We couldn't dig a grave for a dog in stuff like this," and, as I spoke, the pewterlike rock under my feet clanged and echoed with a metallic sound.

"Come along, Tom, I can't stand any more of this. We'll have to leave our funerals till tomorrow, and get aboard for the night"—for the Maggie Darling was still floating there serenely, as though men and their violence had no existence on the planet.

"We'd better cover them up, against the turkey buzzards," said Tom, two of those unsavory birds rising in the air as we returned to the shore. We did this as well as we were able with rocks and the wreckage of an old boat strewn on the beach.

I don't think two men were ever so glad of the morning, driving before it the haunted night. After breakfast our first thought was naturally to the sad and disagreeable business before us.

"I tell you what I've been thinking, sar," said Tom, as we rowed ashore, and I managed to pull down a turkey buzzard that rose at our approach—happily our coverings had proved fairly effective—"I've been thinking that the only one of the three that really matters is the captain, and we can find sufficient soil for him in one of those big holes."

"How about the others?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I was thinking that sharks are good enough for them."

"They deserve no better, Tom, and I think we may as well get rid of them first."

So it was done as we said, and carrying them by the feet and shoulders to the edge of the bluff—George, and Silly Theodore, and the nameless giant who had knocked me down so opportunely—we skillfully flung them in, and they glided off with scarce a splash.

Then we turned to the poor captain and carried him as gently as we could over the rough ground to the biggest of the banana holes, as the natives call them, and there we were able to dig him a fairly respectable grave.

Tom and Sailor and I were now, to the best of our belief, alone on the island, and a lonesomer spot it would be hard to imagine, or one touched at certain hours with a fairer beauty—a beauty wraithlike and, like a sea shell, haunted with the murrel of the sea.

First we went over our stores, and, owing to those poor dead mouths that did not have to be reckoned with any more, we had plenty of everything to last us for at least a month, not to speak of fishing, at which Tom was an expert.

When, however, we turned to our plans for the treasure hunting we soon came to a dead stop. The indications given by Tobias seemed, in the face of such a terrain, naive to a degree. Possibly the land had changed since his day. Some births, of course, it must have done. Tom and I went over Tobias' directions again and there was the compass carved on the rock, and the cross. There was something definite—something which, if it was ever there at all, was there still—for in that climate the weather leaves things unperished almost as in Egypt.

Sitting on the highest bluff we could find, Tom and I looked around.

"That compass is somewhere among these infernal rocks—if it ever was carved there at all—that's one thing certain, Tom; but look at the rocks!"

Over twenty miles of rocks north and south, and from two to six from east to west. A more hopeless job the mind of man could not conceive. Tom shook his head, and scratched his graying wool.

"I go most by the ghost, sar," he said. "All these men had never been killed if the ghost hadn't been somewhere near. Mark me, if we find the treasure it'll be by the ghost."

"That's all very well," I laughed. "But how are we going to get the ghost to show his hand? He's got such bloodthirsty ways with him."

"They always have, sar," said Tom, no doubt with some ancestral shudder of voodoo worship in his blood. "Yes, sar, they always cry out for blood. It's all they've got to live on. They drink it like you and me drink coffee or rum. It's terrible to hear them in the night."

"Well, Tom," I remarked, "you may be right, but of one thing I'm certain; if the ghost's going to get any one, it sha'n't be you."

"We've both got one good chance against them—" Tom was beginning.

"Don't tell me again about that old sucking fish."

"Mind you keep it safe, for all that," said Tom gravely. "I wouldn't lose mine for a thousand pounds."

"Well, all right, but let's forget the damned old ghosts for the present."

We decided to try a plan that was really no plan at all; that is to say, to seek more or less at random, till we consumed all our stores except just enough to take us home. Meanwhile we would, each of us, every day, cut a sort of radiating swathe, working slantwise from the cove entrance. Thus we would prospect as much of the country as possible in a sort of fan, both of us keeping our eyes open for a compass carved on a rock. In this way we might hope to cover no inconsiderable stretch of the country in the three weeks, and, moreover, the country most likely to give some results, as being that lying in a semicircle from the little harbor where the ships would have lain. It wasn't much of a plan perhaps, but it seemed the most possible among the impossibles.

Harder work than we had undertaken no men have ever set their hands to. It would have broken the back of the most able-bodied navvy; and when we reached the boat at sunset we had scarce strength left to eat our supper and roll into our bunks. A machete is a heavy weapon that needs no little skill in handling with economy of force, and Tom, who had been brought up to it, was, in spite of his years, a better practitioner than I.

I have already hinted at the kind of devil's underbrush we had to cut our way through, but no words can do justice to the almost intelligent stubbornness with which those weird growths opposed us. It really seemed as though they were inspired by a diabolic will-force pitting itself against our will, vegetable incarnation of evil strength and fury and cunning.

Day after day Tom and I returned home dead beat, with hardly a tired word to exchange with each other.

We had now been at it for about a fortnight, and I loved the old chap more every day for the grit and courage with which he supported our terrible labors and kept up his spirits. Once or twice we had made fancied discoveries which we called off the other to see, and once or twice we had tried some blasting on rocks that seemed to suggest mysterious tunnelings into the earth. But it had all proved a vain thing and a weariness of the flesh. And the ghost of John P. Tobias still kept his secret.

CHAPTER VIII.

An Unfinished Game of Cards.

One evening as I returned to the ship unusually worn out and disheartened I asked Tom how the stores were holding out. He answered cheerfully that they would last another week and leave us enough to get home.

"Well, shall we stick out the other week, or not, Tom? I don't want to kill you, and I confess I'm nearly all in myself."

"May as well stick it out, sar, now we've gone so far. Then we'll have done all we can, and there's a certain satisfaction in doing that, sar."

So next morning we went at it again, and the next, and the next again, and then on the fourth day, when our week was drawing to its close, something at last happened to change the grim monotony of our days.

It was shortly after the lunch hour. Tom and I, who were now working too far apart to hear each other's hallos, had fired our revolvers once or twice to show that all was right with us. Tom, for no reason I can give, suddenly got a feeling that all was not right with the old man, so I fired my revolver and gave him time for a reply. But there was no answer. Again I fired. Still no answer. I was on the point of firing again when I heard something coming through the brush behind me. It was Sailor racing toward me over the jagged rocks. Evidently there was something wrong.

"Something wrong with old Tom, Sailor?" I asked, as though he could answer me. And indeed he did answer as plainly as dog could do, wagging his tail and whining and turning to go back with me in the direction whence he had come.

"Off we go, then, old chap," and as he ran ahead, I followed him as fast as I could.

It took me the best part of an hour to get to where Tom had been working. Sailor brushed his way ahead, pushing through the scrub with canine importance. Presently, at the top of a slight elevation, I came among the bushes to a softer spot where the soil had given way, and saw that it was the mouth of a shaft like a wide chimney flue, the earth of which had evidently fallen in. Here Sailor stopped and whined, pawing the earth, and at the same time I heard a moaning underneath.

"Is that you, Tom?" I called. Thank God, the old chap was not dead at all events.

"Thank the Lord, it's you, sar," he cried. "I'm all right, but I've had a bad fall—and I can't seem able to move."

"Hold on and keep up your heart—I'll be with you in a minute," I called down to him.

"Mind yourself, sar," he called cheerily, and indeed it was a problem to get down to him without precipitating the loose earth and rock that were ready to make a landslide down the hole, and perhaps bury him forever.

But, looking about, I found another natural tunnel in the side of the hill. Into this I was able to worm myself, and in the dim light found the old man and put my flask to his lips.

"Anything broken, do you think?"

Tom didn't think so. He had evidently been stunned by his fall, and another pull at my flask set him on his feet. But as I helped him up, and, striking a light, we began to look around the hole he had tumbled into, he gave a piercing shriek and fell on his knees, jabbering with fear.

"The ghosts! the ghosts!" he screamed.

And the sight that met our eyes was certainly one to try the nerves. Two figures sat at a table—one with his hat tilted slightly and one leaning sideways in his chair in a careless sort of attitude. They seemed to be playing cards, and they were strangely white—for they were skeletons.

I stood hushed, while Tom's teeth rattled at my side. The fantastic awe of the thing was beyond telling. And then, not without a qualm or two, which I would be a liar to deny, I went and stood nearer to them. Nearly all their clothes had fallen away, hanging but in shreds here and there. That the hat had so jauntily kept its place was one of those grim touches Death, that terrible humorist, loves to add to his jests. The cards which had apparently just been dealt, had suffered scarcely from decay—only a little dirt had sifted down upon them, as it had into the rum glasses that stood, too, at each man's side. And as I looked at the skeleton jauntily facing me, I noticed that a bullet hole had been made as clean as if by a drill in his forehead of bone—while, turning to examine more closely his silent partner, I noticed a rusty sailor's knife hanging from the ribs where the lungs had been. Then I looked on the floor and found the key to the whole story. For there, within a few yards, stood a heavy sailor's chest, strongly bound around with iron. Its lid was thrown back and a few coins lay scattered at the bottom, while a few lay about on the floor. I picked them up.

They were pieces of eight!

Meanwhile Tom had stopped jabbering and had come nearer, looking on in awed silence. I showed him the pieces of eight.

"I guess these are all we'll see of one John P. Tobias' treasure, Tom," I said. And it looks as if these poor fellows saw as little of it as ourselves. Can't you imagine them with it there at their feet—perhaps playing to divide it on a gamble, and meanwhile the other fellows stealing in through some of these rabbit runs—one with a knife, the other with a gun—and then off with the loot and up with the sails. Poor devils! It strikes me as a very pretty tragedy—doesn't it you?"

Suddenly—perhaps with the vibration of our voices—the hat toppled off the head of the fellow facing us in the most weird and comical fashion—and that was too much for Tom, and he screamed and made for the exit hole.

I Waited a Minute to Replace the Hat on the Rakish One's Head.

But I waited a minute to replace the hat on the rakish one's head. As I was likely often to think of him in the future I preferred to remember him at the moment of our first strange acquaintance.

Book II.

CHAPTER I.

Once More in John Saunders' Snuggery.

Need I say that it was a great occasion when I was once more back safe in John Saunders' snuggery, telling my story to my two friends, John and Charlie Webster, all just as if I had never stirred from my easy chair, instead of having spent an exciting month or so among sharks, dead men, blood-lapping ghosts, card-playing skeletons and such like?

My friends listened to my yarn in characteristic fashion, John Saunders' eyes like mice peeping out of a cupboard, and Charlie Webster's huge bulk poised almost threatening, as it were, with the keenness of his attention. His deep-set kind brown eyes glowed like a boy's as I went on, but by their dangerous kindling at certain points of the story, those dealing with our pockmarked friend, Henry P. Tobias, Jr., I soon realized where, for him, the chief interest of the story lay.

"The —— rebel!" he roared out once or twice, using an adjective peculiarly English.

For him my story had but one moral—the treason of Henry P. Tobias, Jr. The treasure might as well have had no existence, so far as he was concerned, and the grim climax in the cave drew nothing from him but a preoccupied nod. And John Saunders was little more satisfactory. Both of them allowed me to end in silence. They both seemed to be thinking deeply.

"I must say you two are a great audience," I said presently, perhaps rather childishly nettled.

"It's a very serious matter," said John Saunders, and I realized that it was not my crony but the secretary to the treasury of his Britannic majesty's government at Nassau that was talking. As he spoke he looked across at Charlie Webster, almost as if forgetting me. "Something should be done about it, eh, Charlie?" he continued.

"—— traitor!" roared Charlie, once more employing that British adjective. And then he turned to me:

"Look here, old pal, I'll make a bargain with you, if you like. I suppose you're keen for that other treasure now, eh?"

"I am," said I, rather stiffly.

"Well, then, I'll go after it with you—on one condition. You can keep the treasure, if you'll give me Tobias. It would do my heart good to get him, as you had the chance of doing that afternoon. Whatever were you doing to miss him?"

"I proposed to myself the satisfaction of making good that mistake," I said, "on our next meeting. I feel I owe it to the poor old captain."

"Never mind; hand the captain's rights over to me—and I'll help you all I know with your treasure. Besides, Tobias is a job for an Englishman—eh, John? It's a matter of 'king and country' with me. With you it would be mere private vengeance. With me it will be an execution; with you it would be a murder. Isn't that so, John?"

"Exactly," John nodded.

"Since you were away," Charlie began again, "I've bought the prettiest yawl you ever set eyes on—the Flamingo—forty-five over all, and this time the very fastest boat in the harbor. Yes! she's faster even than the Susan B. Now I've a holiday due me in about a fortnight. Say the word, and the Flamingo's yours for a couple of months, and her captain too. I make only that one condition."

"All right, Charlie," I agreed; "she's yours."

Whereat Charlie shot out a huge paw like a shoulder of mutton and grabbed my hand with as much fervor as though I had saved his life or done him some other unimaginable kindness. And as he did so his broad, sweet smile came back again. He was thinking of Tobias.

While Charlie Webster was arranging his affairs so that he might be able to take his holiday with a free mind I busied myself with provisioning the Flamingo, and in casually chatting with one and another along the water front, in the hope of gathering some hint that might guide us on our coming expedition. I thought it possible, too, that chance might thus bring me some information as to the recent movements of Tobias.

In this way I made the acquaintance of several old salts, both white and black, one or two of whom time and their neighbors had invested with a legendary savor of the old "wrecking days," which, if rumor speaks true, is not entirely vanished from the remoter corners of the islands. But either their romantic halos were entirely due to imaginative gossip, or they themselves were too shrewd to be drawn, for I got nothing out of them to my purpose.

One afternoon in the course of these other fruitless if interesting investigations among the picturesque shipyards of Bay street I had wandered farther along that historic water front than is customary with sightseeing pedestrians, and had come to where the road begins to be left alone with the sea, except for a few country houses here and there among the surrounding scrub—when my eye was caught by a little store that seemed to have strayed away from the others—a small timber erection painted in blue and white with a sort of sea-wildness and loneliness about it, and with large, naive lettering across its lintel announcing itself as an "Emporium" (I think that was the word) "of Marine Curiosities."

I pushed open the door. There was no one there. The little store was evidently left to take care of itself. Inside it was like an old curiosity shop of the sea, every available inch of space, rough tables and walls littered and hung with the queer and lovely bric-a-brac of the sea. Presently a tiny girl came in, as it seemed, from nowhere and said she would fetch her father. In a moment or two he came, a tall, weathered Englishman of the sailor type, brown and lean, with lonely blue eyes.

"You don't seem afraid of thieves," I remarked.

"It ain't a jewelry store," he said, with the curious soft sing-song intonation of the Nassau "conch."

"That's just what I was thinking it was," I said.

"I know what you mean," he replied, his lonely face lighting up as faces do at unexpected understanding in a stranger. "Of course there are some that feel that way, but they're few and far between."

"Not enough to make a fortune out of?"

"Oh! I do pretty well," he said; "I mustn't complain. Money's not everything, you see, in a business like this. There's going after the things, you know. One's got to count that in too."

I looked at him in some surprise. I had met something even rarer than the things he traded in. I had met a merchant of dreams, to whom the mere handling of his merchandise seemed sufficient profit: "There's going after the things, you know. One's got to count that in too."

Naturally we were neck-deep in talk in a moment. I wanted to hear all he cared to tell me about "going after the things"—such "things!"—and he was nothing loth, as he took up one strange of beautiful object after another, telling me its story, and how he had come by it. Many of the things he had got from the sponge fishers, who, as they worked in the deep water, often came upon strange relics of the sea. Others he had got from the wreckers, who, in the old days, had found a rich harvest in the many ships that had come to grief on the reefs of the Bahamas. Others he had got from the natives, who had found them in the course of their fishing. Others he had got from the sea itself, which, in storm and calm, is ever throwing up its dead and its treasure.

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E. W. STRONG.

They Glided Off With Scarce a Splash.

"You Don't Seem Afraid of Thieves."

other, his face aglow, and he quite evidently without a thought of doing business, and told me all about them—how and where he got them, and so forth.

"But," he said presently, encouraged by my unfeigned interest, "I should like to show you a few rarer things I have in the house, and which I wouldn't sell, or even show to everyone. If you'd honor me by taking a cup of tea we might look them over."

[illegible] the little store, with its door unlocked as I had found it, and a few steps brought us to a little house I had not before noticed, with a neat garden in front of it, all the garden beds symmetrically bordered with conch shells. Shells were evidently the simple-hearted fellow's mania, his revelation of the beauty of the world. Here in a neat parlor, also much decorated with shells, tea was served to us by the little girl I had first seen and an elder sister, who, I gathered, made all the lonely dreamer's family. Then, shyly pressing on me a cigar, he turned to show me the promised treasures. He also told me more of his manner of finding them, and of the long trips which he had to take in seeking them, to out-of-the-way cays and in dangerous waters.

He was showing me the last and rarest of his specimens. He had kept, he said, the best to the last. To me, as a layman, it was not nearly so attractive as other things he had shown me—little more to my eye than a rather commonplace though pretty shell; but he explained that it was found, or had so far been found, only in one spot in the Islands, a lovely, seldom-visited cay several miles to the northeast of Andros Island.

"What is it called?" I asked, for it was part of our plan for Charlie to do a little duck shooting on Andros, before we tackled the business of Tobias and the treasure.

"It's called ——— Cay nowadays," he answered, "but it used to be called Short Shrift Island."

"Short Shrift Island!" I cried in spite of myself, immediately annoyed at my lack of presence of mind.

"Certainly," he rejoined, looking a little surprised but evidently without suspicion. He was too simple and too taken up with his shell.

"It is such an odd name," I said, trying to recover myself.

"Yes! those old pirate chaps certainly did think up some of the rummiest names."

"One of the pirate haunts, was it?" I queried with assumed indifference.

"Supposed to be.' But one hears that of every other cay in the Bahamas. I take no stock in such yarns. My shells are all the treasure I expect to find."

"What did you call that shell?" I asked.

He told me the name, but I forgot it immediately. Of course I had asked it only for the sake of learning more precisely about Short Shrift Island. He told me innocently enough just where it lay.

"Are you going after it?" he laughed.

"Oh! well," I replied, "I am going on a duck-shooting trip to Andros before long, and I thought I might drop around to your cay and pick a few of them up for you."

"It would be mighty kind of you, but they're not easy to find. I'll tell you exactly—" He went off, dear fellow, into the minutest description of the habits of ———, while all the time I was eager to rush off to Charlie Webster and John Saunders and shout into their ears—as later I did at the first possible moment that evening: "I've found our missing cay! Short Shrift Island is ———." (I mentioned the name of a cay, which, as in the case of "Dead Man's Shoes," I am unable to divulge.)

"Maybe!" said Charlie, "maybe! We can try it. But," he added, "did you find out anything about Tobias?"

CHAPTER II.

In Which I Am Afforded Glimpses Into Futurity—Possibly Useful.

Two or three evenings before we were due to sail, at one of our smuggery conclaves, I put the question whether anyone had ever tried the divining rod for treasure in the islands.

Old John nodded and said he knew the man I wanted, a half-crazy old negro back there in Grant's Town—the negro quarter sprawling out into the scrub behind the ridge on which the town of Nassau proper is built.

"He calls himself a 'king,'" he added, "and the natives do, I believe, regard him as the head of a certain tribe. The lads call him 'Old King Coffee'—a memory I suppose of the Ashantee war. Anyone will tell you where he lives. He has a name as a preacher—among the Holy Jumpers!—but he's getting too old to do much preaching nowadays. Go and see him for fun anyway."

So next morning I went.

I had hardly been prepared for the plunge into "Darkest Africa" which I found myself taking, as, leaving Government-house behind, perched on the crest of its white ridge, I walked a few yards inland and entered a region which, for all its green palms, made a similar sudden impression of pervading blackness on the mind which one gets on suddenly entering a coal-mining district after traveling through fields and meadows.

There were far more blacks than whites down on Bay street, but here there were nothing but blacks on every side.

The roads ran in every direction, and along them everywhere were figures of black women shuffling with burdens on their heads, or groups of girls, audaciously merry, most of them bonny, here and there almost a beauty. There were churches and dance halls and saloons—all radiating, so to say, a prosperous blackness.

At first the effect of the whole scene was a little sinister, even a little frightening. The strangeness of African jungle, was here, and one was a white man in it all alone among grinning savage faces. But for the figures about one being clothed, the illusion had been complete, but for that and the kind-hearted salutations from comely white-turbaned mammies which soon sprang up about me, and the groups of elfish children that laughingly blocked one's progress with requests—not in any weird African dialect but in excellent English—for "a copper, please."

This request was not above the maidenly dignity of quite big and buxom lasses. One of these, a really superb young creature, asked for "a copper, please," but with a saucy coquetry befitting her adolescence.

"I'll give you one if you'll tell me where the 'king' lives," said I.

"Ole King Coffee?" she asked, and then fell into a very agony of negro laughter. Recovering, she put her finger to her lips, suggesting silence, and said:

"Come along, I'll show you!"

And walking by my side, lithe as a young animal, she had soon brought me to a cabin much like the rest, though perhaps a little poorer looking.

"Shh! There he is!" and she shook all over again with suppressed giggles.

I gave her a sixpence and told her to be a good girl. Then I advanced to a little strip of garden to where I had caught a glimpse of a venerable white-haired negro seated at the window, as if for exhibition, with a great open book in his hands. This he appeared to be reading with great solemnity, through enormous goggles, though I thought I caught a side-glint of his eye, as though he had taken a swift reconnoitering glance in my direction—a glance which apparently had but deepened his attention and increased the dignity of his demeanor.

This He Appeared to Be Reading With Great Solemnity.

Remembering that he was not merely royal but pious also, I made my salutation at once courtier-like and sanctimonious.

"Good day to your majesty," I said; "God's good; God looks after his servants."

"De Lord is merciful," he answered gravely; "God takes care of his children. Be seated, sar, and please excuse my not rising; my rheumatism is a sore affliction to me."

I was not long in getting to the subject of my visit. The old man listened to me with great composure, but with a marked accession of mysterious importance in his manner.

"It's true, sar," he said, when I had finished, "I could find it for you. I could find it for you, sure enough; and I'm de only man in all de Islands dat could. But I should have to go wid you, and it's de Lord's will to keep me here in dis chair wid rheumatics. De Lord has turned in dare old hands many a time, and I have faith in de Lord dey would turn again—yes. I'd find it for you; sure enough. I'd find it if any man could—and it was de Lord's will. But mebbe I can see it for you widout moving from dis chair."

"Do you mean, brother, that the Lord has given you second sight?"

"Dat am it! Glory to his name, hallelujah!" he answered. "I look in a glass ball—so; and it de spirit helps me I can see clear as a picture far under de ground—far, far away over de sea. It's de Lord's truth, sar—blessed be his name!"

I asked him whether he would look into his crystal for me. With a burst of profanity, as unexpected as it was vivid, he cursed "dem boys" that had stolen from him a priceless crystal which once had belonged to his old royal mother, who, before him, had had the same gift of the spirit. But, he added—turning to a table by his side, and lifting from it a large cut-glass decanter of considerable capacity, though at present void of contents—that he had found that gazing into the large glass ball of its stopper produced almost equally good results at times.

First he asked me to be kind enough to shut the door.

We had to be very quiet, he declared; the spirit could work only in deep silence. And he asked me to be kind enough to close my eyes. Then I heard his voice muttering, in a strange tongue, a queer dark gobbling kind of words, which may have been ancient African spell-words, or sheer gibberish such as magicians in all times and places have employed to mystify their consultants.

I looked at him through the corner of my eye—as doubtless he had anticipated, for he was glaring with an air of inspired abstraction into the ball of the decanter stopper. So we sat silent for I suppose some ten minutes. Then I heard him give another deep sigh. Opening my eyes I saw him slowly shaking his head.

"De spirits don't seem communicable dis afternoon," he muttered tilting the decanter slightly on one side and observing it drearily.

"Do you think, your majesty," I asked with as serious a face as I could assume, "the spirits might work better—if the decanter were to be filled?"

"Mebbe, sar; mebbe. Spirits is curious things; dey need inspiration sometimes, just like ourselves."

"What kind of inspiration do you think gets the best results, your majesty?"

"Well, sar, I can't say as dey is very particular, but I'se noticed dey do seem powerful 'inched to' just plain good old Jamaica rum."

"They shall have it," I said.

I had noticed that there was a saloon a few yards away, so before many more minutes had passed I had been there and come back again, and the decanter stood ruddily filled, ready for the resumption of our seance. But before we began I of course accepted the seer's invitation to join him and the spirits in a friendly libation.

Then—I having closed my eyes—we began again, and it was astonishing with what rapidity the thick-coming pictures began to crowd upon that inner vision with which the Lord had endowed his faithful follower!

Of course I was inclined now to take the whole thing as an amusing imposture; but presently, watching his face and the curious "seeing" expression of his eyes, and noting the exactitude of one or two pictures, I began to feel that, however much he might be inventing or elaborating, there was some substratum of truth in what he was telling me.

The first pictures that came to him were merely pictures, though astonishingly clear ones, of Webster's boat, the Flamingo, of Webster himself, and of the men and the old dog Sailor; but in all this he might have been visualizing from actual knowledge. Yet the details were curiously exact. Presently his gaze becoming more fixed:

"I see you anchored under a little settlement. You are rowing ashore. Dere are little pathways running up among de coral rock, and a few white houses. Seems to be a forest; big trees—not like Nassau trees—and thick brush everywhere; all choked up so thick and dark, can't see nut'n. Wait a minute, dough. Dere seems to be old houses all sunk in and los', like old ruins. Can't see dem for de brush. And wait—Lord love you, sar, but I'se afraid—I seem to see a big light coming up trough de brush from far under de ground—just like you see old rotten wood shining in de dark—deep, deep down. Didn't I tell you de Lord gave me eyes to see into de bowels of de earth?—it's de bowels of de earth for sure—all lit up and shining. Praise de Lord—it am de gold, for certain, all hidden away and shining dere under de ground—"

"Can't you see it closer, clearer?" I exclaimed involuntarily; "get some idea of the place it's in?"

The old man gazed with a renewed intensity.

"No," he said presently, and his disappointed tone seemed to me the best evidence yet of his truth, "I only see a little golden mist deep, deep down under de ground; now it is fading away. It's gone; I can only see de woods and de ruins again."

This brought his visions to an end. The spirits obstinately refused to make any more pictures, though the old man continued to gaze on in the decanter stopper for fully five minutes.

CHAPTER III.

In Which We Take Ship Once More.

[illegible] discovery which Charlie and [illegible] dealer in "marine curios" [illegible] had made, or believed myself to have made, of the situation of Henry P. Tobias' second "pod" of treasure, fitted exactly with Charlie Webster's wishes for our trip, small stock as he affected to take in it at the moment.

"Shore Shrift Island" lay a few miles to the northwest of Andros Island. Now Andros is a great haunt of wild duck, not to speak of that more august bird, the flamingo. Attraction number one for the good Charlie. Then, though it is some hundred and fifty miles long and some fifty miles broad at its broadest, it has never yet, it is said, been entirely explored.

Its center is still a mystery. The natives declare it is haunted, or at all events inhabited by some strange people no one has yet approached close enough to see. You can see their houses, they say, from a distance, but as you approach them, they disappear. Here, therefore, seemed an excellent place for Tobias to take cover in. Charlie's duck-shooting preserves, endless marl lakes islanded with mangrove copses, lay on the fringe of this mysterious region. So Andros was plainly marked out for our destination.

Sailor had watched his master getting his guns ready for some days, and, doubtless, memories stirred in him of Scotch moors they had shot over together. He raised his head to the night wind and sniffed impatiently, as though he already scented the wild duck on Andros Island. He was impatient, like the rest of us, because, though it was an hour past sailing time, we had still to collect two of the crew. The two loiterers turned up at last and, all preliminaries being at length disposed of, we threw off the mooring ropes and presently there was heard that most exhilarating of sounds to anyone who loves seafaring, the ripping of the ropes through the blocks as our mainsail began to rise up high against the moon which was beginning to look out over the huge block of the Colonial hotel, the sea wall of which ran along us far as our mooring. A few lights in its windows here and there broke the blank darkness of its facade, glimmering through the avenues of royal palms. I am thus explicit because of something that presently happened and which stayed the mainsail in its rippling ascent.

A tall figure was running along the sea wall from the direction of the hotel, calling out, a little breathlessly, in a rich young voice as it ran:

"Wait a minute there, you fellows! Wait a minute!"

We were already moving, parallel with the wall, and at least twelve feet away from it, by the time the figure—that of a tall boy, cowboy-hatted and picturesquely outlined in the half light—stopped just ahead of us. He raised something that looked like a bag in his right hand, calling out "Catch" as he did so; and, a moment after, before a word could be spoken,

Before a Word Could Be Spoken, He Took a Flying Leap.

he took a flying leap and landed amongst us, plump in the cockpit and was clutching first one of us and then the other, to keep his balance.

"Did it, by Jove!" he exclaimed in a beautiful English accent, and then started laughing as only absurd dare-devil youngsters can.

"Forgive me!" he said, as soon as he could get his breath, "but I had to do it. Heaven knows what the old man will say!"

"You're something of a long jump!" said Charlie.

"Oh! I have done my twenty-two and an eighth on a broad running jump, but I had no chance for a run there," answered the lad, carelessly.

"But suppose you'd hit the water instead of the deck?"

"What of it? Can't one swim?"

"I guess you're all right, young man," said Charlie, softened; "but . . . well, we're not taking passengers."

The words had a familiar sound. They were the very ones I had used to Tobias, as he stood with his hand on the gunwale of the Maggie Darling. I rapidly conveyed the coincidence—and the difference—to Charlie. It struck me as odd, I'll admit, that our second start, in this respect, should be so like the first. Meanwhile, the young man was answering, or rather pleading, in a boyish way:

[illegible]

PENNSYLVANIA ENTERS RANKS OF SUFFRAGE STATES

Governor Sproul Helps Pennsylvania Suffrage Association Secure Ratification of Federal Amendment.

WOMEN WORKED FOR HALF A CENTURY FOR VOTE

House by Vote of 153 to 44 Makes State Seventh to Approve Amendment.

GOV. SPROUL CONGRATULATING MRS. J. O. MILLER ON THE RATIFICATION OF THE FEDERAL SUFFRAGE AMENDMENT.

The house of representatives at Harrisburg, Tuesday, June 24, wrote the closing chapter in the history of Woman Suffrage in Pennsylvania by ratifying the Federal Amendment by a vote of 153-44. Pennsylvania swung into line as the seventh state to ratify the Nineteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States granting suffrage to women. Before they can vote, however, it is necessary that 35 other states take similar action. Already six states besides Pennsylvania have ratified the amendment. These states in the order of action are: Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, New York, Ohio and Kansas. Massachusetts ratified one day later than Pennsylvania, making a total of eight.

The Pennsylvania Woman Suffrage Association has toiled for 50 years to secure the vote in the state, having been organized in 1868. It has auxiliaries in all of the 67 counties of the state and has worked in every legislative session since 1911. However, when the Federal Amendment was passed the militant pickets or that branch of the suffragists who have been criticised in Washington for their ill-advised actions and who had no organization throughout the state, appeared at Harrisburg and sought to share the glory which the event would naturally bestow upon those who had rendered such yeoman service in the years gone by. The constructive work done by the Pennsylvania Woman Suffrage Association and its friends was however felt and recognized by the members of the Legislature and Governor Sproul.

Immediately upon the original passage of the Federal Amendment by the House of the Sixty-fifth Congress on January 10, 1918, the Pennsylvania Woman Suffrage Association began a campaign in the state of Pennsylvania to prepare the way for the ratification of the amendment when finally passed by the United States Senate. Its organization, with auxiliaries in the 67 counties of the state, was built up, and when the Senate failed to adopt the Federal Amendment in January, 1919, the Pennsylvania Woman Suffrage Association working with the parent organization, the National American Woman Suffrage Association, again brought pressure upon United States Senators Penrose and Knox to secure their support, which would be sufficient to make certain the passage of the amendment. When finally the measure was passed by the House and its fate again depended upon the action of the Senate on June 4, Senator Penrose, while not voting in favor of the amendment, had veered around to a point where he at least promised not to oppose it.

However much others may point to the fact that the stage was all set for the ratification of the measure at Harrisburg, the fact remains that Senator Penrose, conferred with Governor Sproul, and for the first time with relation to any suffrage bill at Harrisburg agreed not to oppose it.

The Pennsylvania Woman Suffrage Association had previously made a poll of both the House and Senate and secured pledges from sufficient members to justify the belief that without organized opposition on the part of the administration their efforts would meet with success. The final link in the chain of events which made possible the ratification of the amendment was the election of Governor Sproul. He was pledged to the support of Woman Suffrage and in his inaugural address included a plea for the ratification of the Federal Amendment.

True to his [illegible] the Governor rendered [illegible] to the women in securing the passage of the referendum bill passed by the Legislature in May. Under the law this bill would have to be passed again by the Legislature of 1921. Such an action would bring the question of Woman Suffrage before the voters at the polls in November, 1921.

In the meantime the Federal Amendment having passed in Washington, the Pennsylvania Woman Suffrage Association deemed it unwise to delay in working for state ratification and began a more intensive campaign with concentration at Harrisburg. The strength exhibited by the Pennsylvania Woman Suffrage Association at Harrisburg was a surprise to many of those identified with the legislative and political forces of the state. Men who had regarded large sums of money as absolutely necessary to all political success were surprised to learn that the suffragists had no slush fund or large amounts contributed by organizations, large corporations or others, and that during all of the years of effort the movement had been financed by the individual contributions of active workers and friends of the association.

The final passage of the ratification resolution by the House on June 24 was marked by many picturesque incidents. More than half a thousand women filled the gallery or occupied seats on the floor of the House. And when the last vote was cast, Representative Robert L. Wallace, of Lawrence County, requested unanimous consent of the House to extend to Mrs. John O. Miller, of Pittsburgh, the privilege of the chair in recognition of the work of the Pennsylvania Woman Suffrage Association. Mrs. Miller was escorted to the rostrum amid applause and addressed the members of the House and thanked them for their support of the ratification resolution.

At the conclusion of Mrs. Miller's address, the suffragists descended from the galleries and with the women from the floor of the House marched to the executive chamber where they were received by Governor Sproul, and presented him with a handsomely engrossed memorial in recognition of the service he had rendered in securing the passage of the ratification resolution. The memorial was signed by Lucy Kennedy Miller, president; Gertrude Gouverneur Smith, vice president; Cornelia Bryce Pinchot, secretary, and Elizabeth B. Beach, treasurer.

From the Capitol the women delegates went to the Penn-Harris Hotel, where luncheon was served by the Pennsylvania Woman Suffrage Association at which the guests of honor were Mrs. Halsey G. Wilson, of New York, recording secretary of the National American Woman Suffrage Association; Miss Marjorie Shuler, of Washington, and Mrs. Barclay H. Warburton, Mrs. George Wharton Pepper, Mrs. Walter Thomson, Mrs. Thomas Robins, Mrs. William Worden, Mrs. Charles S. Wertz, Mrs. Herbert Clark and Mrs. Charles Lea, representatives of the Woman's Republican Committee of Philadelphia. Here again Mrs. Miller made an address, as did Mrs. Wilson, Miss Shuler, Mrs. Rudolph Blankenburg and Mrs. Helen Price, the last two being past presidents of the association. This function was attended by 250 women, nearly all of whom have worked to secure the vote in Pennsylvania. They came to Harrisburg in special trains, and yellow badges and suffrage banners were in evidence everywhere.

MICHIGAN ONCE HAD SLAVES

Only in 1836 Did Human Chattels Become Unprofitable to Their Owners in That State.

Few Detroiters of the present generation know that Michigan was once a slave territory, or that the city of Detroit, for a period of nearly one hundred years, included a considerable number of slaves in its population, observes the Detroit News. The early French settlers lived largely by trading with the Indians. At first they bought furs only, but each spring the Indians of Michigan would make war raids into territory south and west, and they would bring back captives whom they sometimes killed by torture, but later they found it more profitable to sell them to the white settlers as slaves. Most of these Indian slaves were from the Pawnee tribe.

Later negro slaves were bought in the East, principally in the state of New York. When the British took possession in 1760 they found quite a number of slaves, Indians and negro, and they continued the practice. The census of the district in 1775 showed 46 men and 30 women slaves in a community that numbered less that 300 adult white men. In 1772 there were 170 slaves in Detroit. The ordinance of 1787 forbade slavery in the Northwest territory, but Detroiters paid no attention to this Constitutional act. There were enough negroes in Detroit in 1807, slave and free, to enable Governor Hull to organize a company of colored militia.

In 1818 the assessor for Wayne county made slaves taxable property, and this proved a discouragement to slave holding. By 1832 there were only 32 slaves left in Michigan territory, and in 1836 the last one had been manumitted. Less than 20 years later Michigan, having found slaveholding unprofitable, became ardently abolitionist, and Detroit was converted into a terminal of the "underground railway," through which runaway slaves from the South found their way to freedom in Canada.

ANIMAL HEROES IN WARFARE

Some Praise Should Be Spared for the Dumb Brutes Who Gave Their Lives for Liberty.

There was one factor for victory in the war which we overlook in passing out the praise and medals.

To the dumb animals who bore much of battle's brunt, to the horses, mules and dogs, great credit is due.

Patient, plodding, brave, obedient creatures of faithfulness!

Wondrous fine the steed of officer, but equally grand the sturdy haulers of caisson and gun carriage!

Butt of limitless jokes, the long-eared, lean-legged, tuft-tailed army mule has glorified himself. Endless the supply trains he tugged tagging distances, across shell swept spots and through fierce fire.

The Red Cross dog, too, and the sledge dogs in the Alps have been canine heroes, leaping into the jaws of death on missions of mercy or pulling precious packsleds among mountain peaks and passes.

Perpetual pasturage would be a just reward for our four-footed fighters, with freedom from further work. To Fido, allot choice bones to gnaw and if you'd make his home dog heaven, rid the world of fleas for these, the "dogs of war."

At the entrance of this Paradise park or just over the place a shaft to record for posterity a tribute to the war's 42311 animal dead.—Toledo News-Bee.

Forecasting Storms.

By means of what is believed to be a new scientific discovery, it is claimed that weather forecasts may be made with reasonable accuracy two weeks in advance.

As a result of research, conducted by a former chief of the weather bureau and a representative of the Smithsonian institution, it has been found that there are rifts in the upper clouds of the solar atmosphere which cause a variation in the amount of heat radiated to the earth. It is said the investigators have discovered the period of time between the passage of a heat rift in the solar atmosphere and the appearance of resulting storms on the earth.

It has been found that at times these heat rifts persist for several months and that they have produced corresponding disturbances here.

Typewriter Used As a Pendulum.

In the show window of a downtown typewriter concern stands an imposing looking clock more than six feet tall. It is attractive, but what especially invites the attention is the pendulum. The bob is unlike any other in the city, being a full sized typewriter, one that could be set up on a desk and put in active use.

The suspended typewriter swings to and fro all day long. Judging from the excellent time the clock keeps, the typewriter bob does its work faithfully and well.—New York Times.

Power Problem in England.

In its reconstruction thinking, the question of electric power development in Great Britain is engaging the minds of many experts, and it is probable that the government will take some part in the movement. It is proposed to utilize the great mineral resources of the country for production of electric power on a huge scale, and for the conservation and more economic use of the country's coal resources. The idea is to divide the country into large areas for power distribution.

HELD PASTORATE IN OHIO

Old Church Records Tell of the Work of President Wilson's Maternal Grandfather.

The coming of Thomas Woodrow, maternal grandfather of President Wilson, to Ohio to preach, is noted briefly in the records of the Chillicothe presbytery. At a meeting held at Bloomingburg September 12, 1837, "Thomas Woodrow, a member of the Congregational Union of England," requested to be received. His case was referred to a committee. At the next meeting of the presbytery, held at Ripley in 1838, he was accepted and immediately received a call from the church at Chillicothe, which, being accepted, he was installed the first Friday in November of that year.

The next entry of interest in the history referring to Rev. Mr. Woodrow is in the records of the presbytery held in Red Oak in 1847, to the effect that because of feeble health he had resigned his pastorate with the church at Chillicothe and the relation was dissolved. He died at his home near Columbus in April, 1877.

It was his grandfather's church and his old home in Carlisle, Eng., that President Wilson visited the first Sunday he was in England last December. He was born at Paisley, Scotland, in 1791, educated at Glasgow university, did missionary work in the Orkneys, settled as the pastor of the Independent church of Carlisle, came to America in 1835, locating first at Brockville, Can. It was from that place that he went to Chillicothe.

PRETTY TRIBUTE TO YANKS

Welsh Girl Enthusiastic Over the Good Qualities of the Boys Fighting in France.

Testimony to the qualities of some of the American troops in France is given by a girl member of the woman's auxiliary army corps in a letter to her home folk at Cardiff, Wales. She says:

"We are stationed inside an American camp in a huge old French cavalry barracks. We are doing clerical work with hundreds and hundreds of Americans in the Central Records office. We deal with the whole American army records and, excepting the cooks, waitresses, etc., all we odd 400 girls are really the 'Waacs' of the American expeditionary force.

"We love the work, we love the camp and the boys look after us well. They are splendid fellows. We have comfortable rooms, a recreation room and hockey and are as happy as possible. And now we are getting up a grand revue called 'The Battle of Bourgas.' I am to be a French girl. The chorus is one of the best and the music truly American. I'm afraid your music over there when we come back won't have enough 'pep' in it. Honestly, the boys can play. Even those who are doing scavenger work in the camp can play the violin and piano."

Men's Full Dress.

Will the returned soldiers who are said to be ordering colored evening suits be strong enough to overthrow the black tradition established by Lord Lytton?

Very few, perhaps, of those who for 50 years have meekly bowed to that tradition have known its origin, says the London Chronicle. Until the publication of "Pelham" coats worn for evening dress were of different colors, chiefly brown, green or blue, but the novelist makes one of his female characters tell the hero a blue coat does not suit his complexion. "You look best in black," she says, "which is a great compliment, for people must be very distinguished in appearance to do so." And forthwith all men chose to take the compliment to themselves.

Some Doubt About It.

One of our good housekeepers knows she has an ear for music, but when she is hustling around her pots and pans and scrubbing and washing out ten towels she cannot constrain humming a bit just out of her cleaning-up joy. Now there is also a little neighbor boy who plays under her window. Once, while the process of scrubbing was going on above, the little fellow looked up to the window with a face all puckered and serious, as if some question had been troubling him for quite a while.

"Well, Toby, what's the matter?" inquired the housekeeper.

A long pause—then, "Please ma'am is you singing?"—Indianapolis News.

Loaded Cigars.

Around the hotels of San Francisco patrons are warned to be on the lookout for the old trick of the loaded cigar. Some inventive genius has put out one that contains fireworks and when it begins to shoot the air is filled with set pieces representing men on horseback, French trenches, and the retreat of the Huns. W. H. Hart, financier and investor of Helena, Mont., avers that these things are true and that he saw a parade of wonderful pictures when a friend slipped him one of the cigars in the lobby of the Palace last week. He says that cigar produced the entire battle of Chateau-Thierry before he could smother it.—Oregonian.

Incomprehensibility.

"There's some misunderstanding about bolshevists."

"They discuss their affairs largely in the most difficult language on earth; Russian, and illiterate Russian at that. Misunderstanding is inevitable."

FARMERS VALLEY

Texas to Build Gasoline Plant Reception for Newlyweds—Going to

Mr and Mrs. Wesley Roeder of Glen Hazel have been visiting the formers mother Mrs. Juliete Roeder.

Mrs. Mattie Thayer and daughter Pauline are visiting friends and relatives in Youngsville, Pa.

Earnestine Digel of Coleville is visiting her uncle and aunt Mr. and Mrs. Fred Digel.

A reception was held for Rev. Lawrence Thayer and his bride, last Monday night, about fifty were present.

Rev. and Mrs. Thayer leave this week to attend a two-weeks Bible school at Sugar Grove.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. William Brooder, a baby girl.

A large number of friends of George Hersog and family gathered at the Grange Hall on Monday night to bid them farewell. They are leaving this week for Texas where Mr. Hersog expects to build a gasoline plant.

Disillusioned.

A novelist who had learned that a certain book seller was a great admirer of his works resolved to call upon the tradesman and introduce himself. Having done so, he noticed that the manager scrutinized him rather critically, but freely entered into conversation. When the novelist was about to depart he said: "Now you have met me, I suppose you will want to sell my books more than ever?" "Perhaps I shall," was the answer, "but, all the same, I wish I had not seen you."

What He Wanted.

Bobby had been given three cents to spend as he and his younger brother saw fit. Having heard much garden talk, and being attracted by a display of garden seeds, he came home with three packages of vegetable seeds, eager to get them planted at once. Hearing something about the proposed planting of some flower seeds, he insisted on planting his, saying to his mother as a final argument: "Mother, we don't want flower seeds; we want eating seeds."

The End.

We cannot see the end from the beginning, but as long as we can see the beginning, whether it be the year we are entering, or some duty that is required of us, we see enough—one step at a time—and we know that we shall be so guided on to the end. If we sit down and wait for the whole plan to unroll before our view, we shall wait endlessly.

Fewer Walking Sticks Used.

Not as much timber is being made into walking sticks as in days gone by. About two generations ago no gentleman was considered fully dressed for the street unless he carried his stick. Now it is almost as unusual to hear of a man being presented with a gold-headed cane as with a silver or tortoise-shell snuff box.

More Fun for the Guests.

The newlyweds had finally escaped from their friends after much rice throwing, etc., and were speeding on their way in a taxi. But alas! the bridegroom discovered that he had left every cent of his money behind and they had to go back for it, much to the merriment of the wedding guests who had not yet departed.

One-Sided Humor.

After the company had gone, Mrs. Mason said to her husband, "What on earth did you mean, John, by telling the Flemings that my humor was positive, but not negative?" "I meant," said Mr. Mason discreetly moving toward the door, "that you could make a joke, but couldn't take one!"

Statistics on Comets.

Statistics collected by Borrelly, the French astronomer, show that since the sixteenth century 376 comets have been discovered, of which 108 were periodic and 19 have been seen at more than one return, and 56 have been visible to the naked eye, with seven that could be seen in full daylight.

Unique Trophy.

The British royal standard which fills the center of the ceiling of a room at Annapolis is said to be the only British royal standard in the possession of a foreign nation. It was taken at the capture of York, Toronto, by Commodore Chauncey and General Montgomery, in 1813.

Wishing Is Not Willing.

The power of the human will has been discredited because we have so often substituted mere wishing for determined willing. A desire is one thing, and a decree is quite another in the matter of self-government.

And Make It Personal.

If a rich man tells you that the greatest happiness is found in poverty remind him of what David said in his haste.

Optimistic Thought.

Strength is desirable, yet not a matter for boasting, for in this bulls and wild animals are superior to us.

PORT ALLEGANY

Little Girl Struck by Automobile and Injured

Clarissa Duhart, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Duhart of Arnold avenue sustained painful injuries Tuesday at about 11 a. m. when hit by the Nordstrom automobile truck. Clarissa was returning from the Post office on a little velocipede and when going past the alley next to the Seiden Millinery store, was hit by the truck which was coming out of the alley at the same time. On account of the building neither saw the other until too late to avoid the collision. Young Anderson who was driving the car, says that he sounded the horn, but it was not heard. The car struck the velocipede, overturned it and threw Clarissa from it. The rear wheel of the truck passed over the velocipede, and was stopped there. Clarissa had the flesh torn from her left thumb, and sustained numerous bruises about her body. The doctors in attendance took a number of stitch in the thumb, and are in hopes of saving it but in case of infection set in will have to amputate it. The little girl has been suffering much pain, but it is lucky that the injuries were not much more severe. Had the car been running rapidly at the time it is likely that she would have been killed. The crossing at that place is dangerous, and some measures should be taken for the protection of pedestrians.

Fires were put in at the Mississippi Glass Factory last Saturday, and it is planned to start operations about Monday, July 28th. The opening of this factory will mean employment for many more men, and Port Allegainans are delighted over the prospect of such an early start.

Following the destruction of the Paint Factory by fire last Thursday noon, plans were immediately made for rebuilding and on Monday a large force of men were engaged on a temporary structure. This has been nearly completed, and work of manufacturing paint will be begun a soon as possible. In the near future it is hoped to complete a large permanent fire proof factory building on the site of the original factory. At the time of the fire the Mineral Oil Paint Company was working on a large order of paint from New York City, on a $60,000 contract. Four hundred barrels of this paint had been completed and was in the warehouse, and was destroyed by the fire. Besides this a large amount of raw material was also destroyed. It is estimated that the fire loss amounted to about $40,000, about forty per cent. of which was insured. The company is planning to start the manufacture of the paint on this large order just as soon as the building is completed and the raw materials have arrived.

Henry Bertshinger was scalded to death at the Norwich Saw Mill Sunday at nine o'clock a. m. The body was brought to the Grabe undertaking rooms here, and the funeral services were held Wednesday at Austin.

Major A. J. Culcord, who recently returned from Newport News with his honorable discharge, and has been visiting his mother in Coudersport was a visitor in town Wednesday afternoon. He plans to leave soon for Chicago, where he will specialize in certain features of medical work.—Reporter-Argus.

What Have You Done About Tires?

Hundreds of motorists in this city—many of them business men you know—have increased the pleasures of motoring by eliminating tire worry.
And you can do it too!

A new principal of tire construction invented by Charles C. Gates, E. M., makes it possible—and 500,000 car owners, all over the United States, have proven this Gates principal.

These motorists, including the biggest business houses in the country, have proved that Gates Half-Sole Tires enable them to get 5,000 to 15,000 more miles than ever before.

And Gates Half-Sole Tires are 20 per cent over-size—stronger and better than the tires now on your car—guaranteed puncture-proof—yet cost only 1-2 as much as other tires.

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is also used for the dusting and cleaning of the tops of high furniture, between the banisters of the stairs and is so made that you can get to the far corner, under the bed, beneath the radiator and other hard-to-get-at-places.

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Makes It Easy to Clean Those Hard-to-Get-At-Places

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But when his hay is stacked, after his help has spent triple the amount of time when other farm duties are pressing, let him figure up the excessive labor costs due to lack of equipment. They'll amount to a higher figure than the increased cost of machinery.

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